

VOGUE

AUG

DAZZLE BY DAY

FOUR VOGUE EDITORS
PICK WILDLY
DIFFERENT—AND
CHIC—LOOKS
FOR FALL

THE SPY
WHO
LOVED ME
LIFE AS
A SECRET
AGENT'S
WIFE

LONG IN
THE
TOOTH?
HOW YOUR
SMILE
SHOWS
YOUR AGE

NICOLE ON FIRE

WHY SHE'S
BUSIER, AND
HAPPIER,
THAN EVER

"IF I'M NOT
TAKING
CHANCES,
I GET
BORED"

TORY BURCH'S
BOOMING
EMPIRE



INSIDE
THE BOX
THE BAG
TO CARRY
NOW



A fashion advertisement featuring two models. The model on the left is wearing a light pink sleeveless top with a large bow on the shoulder, a matching belt, and light pink pants. She is also wearing a pink jacket with a large bow on the shoulder and a matching belt. She is wearing red Mary Janes with a strap. The model on the right is wearing a pink double-breasted jacket with a matching belt and pink pants. She is also wearing a pink jacket with a matching belt. She is wearing black Mary Janes with a strap. Both models are holding black handbags. The background is a plain, light color.

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miu miu



SUBJECTIVE REALITY

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LA PERLA



Off the GRID

HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU, P. 133

MODEL ARIZONA MUSE IN
CALVIN KLEIN COLLECTION.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY
STEVEN KLEIN.

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VOGUE.COM

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Alex Sharp & Wallis Currie-Wood

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HEAD GAMES

Baja East and Gigi Burris team up for a line of hats

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VOGUE august

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The unapologetically feminine kitten heel rides again

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A new monograph immortalizes the footwear of Manolo Blahnik

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Amid the current craze for foam props, Courtney Rubin asks, can they really make you long and lean—or is that a bit of a stretch?

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New spas and beauty treatments offer a twist on terroir

School DAZE

BOX SET, P. 190

BAGS BY MARK CROSS.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY
BRUCE WEBER.

people are talking about

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HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU

When we asked four fashion editors to interpret day looks for fall, they came back with four distinct

approaches. First up, Fashion Director Tonne Goodman works with drones, virtual-reality headsets, and selfie sticks to document the new lens-ready silhouettes

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FORWARD MARCH

Fashion editor Camilla Nickerson, meanwhile, finds inspiration in military-centric pieces cut back to their bare bones—and then pumped up with volumes and extensions of line

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FASHION EDITOR: TABITHA SIMMONS. HAIR, RECINE; MAKEUP, AARON DE MEY. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.

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VOGUE august



TRIPLE Threat

HORSE POWER, P. 178

AMERICAN PHAROAH, PICTURED HERE, IS THE FIRST HORSE TO WIN THE THREE BIGGEST EVENTS IN HORSE RACING IN 37 YEARS. PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEVEN KLEIN.

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HEART & SOUL

Peter Pan collars, pussycat bows, velvet, tweed, and flowers? This fall, as fashion editor Tabitha Simmons shows us, born romantics are getting just what they desire as designers deliver artfully crafted florals and frills

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Fashion's most charming mogul, Tory Burch, talks to Rob Haskell about her new sport line, the man in her life, and why ambition isn't a dirty word

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Grace Coddington, our Creative Director, champions a lady, yes—but one with a percolating sense of mischief. The

shapes may be genteel, but the off-kilter flourishes—chartreuse leather gloves, a festoon of daisies—are a chic update to the traditional

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With blissful quiet at home and a career taking flight, Nicole Kidman makes a ravishing turn as adventurer Gertrude Bell. By Jason Gay

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American Pharoah, the historic Triple Crown winner, weighs his options for one more run for glory. By Robert Sullivan

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News-making young painter Michael Williams

is constantly switching up materials, subjects, and expectations—especially his own. Dodie Kazanjian reports

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When Tamar Adler decided to hand-make hot dogs for a summer wedding party, she had no idea what she was getting herself into

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Forget wrinkles. Are your teeth making you look old? Patricia Marx finds an unexpected fountain of youth at the dentist

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Whether modeling, acting, or simply living her life, Imogen Waterhouse is a girl uninterrupted

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This season's handbags—which resemble everything

from lunch boxes to treasure chests—prove that it's never been so hip to be square

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Entertain the picturesque Provençal way—fine food, sunshine, and a few ends of pétanque

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LAST LOOK

cover look GREEN DAY



Nicole Kidman wears Marc Jacobs. To get this look, try: DiorSkin Nude Air Serum Foundation, Diorblush Cheekstick in Cosmopolite Rosewood, Powder Eyebrow Pencil in Ash Blonde, Dior Addict Fluid Shadow in Aurora, Diorshow Pro Liner in Pro Black, Diorshow Mascara in Pro Black, Dior Addict Lipstick in Purity. All by Dior Beauty. Hair, Shay Ashual for Wella Professionals; makeup, Jeanine Lobell. Details, see In This Issue.

Photographer:
Patrick Demarchelier.
Fashion Editor:
Tonne Goodman.

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video

73 questions

with Nicole Kidman

We traveled halfway around the world to talk to Nicole Kidman at her farm outside Sydney. Take a tour of her home and hear her answer our queries about everything from the movie role she's dying to play to her favorite curse word.

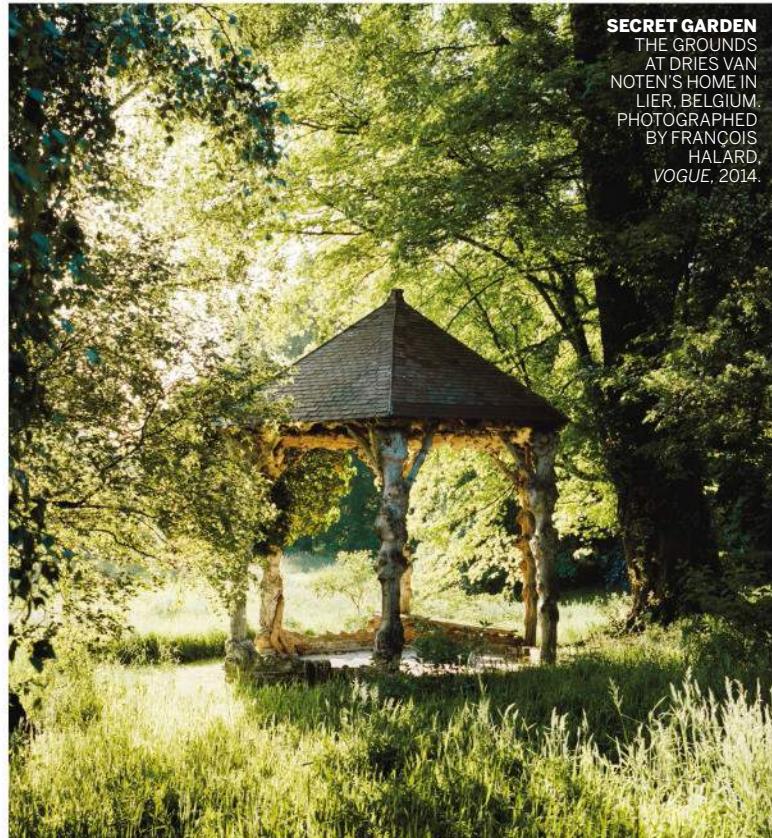


the Flower CROWN —PAST AND PRESENT

These popular decorative headpieces actually have very deep roots, and despite detractors, the accessory shows no signs of fading from favor. We trace its history from ancient times to the red carpet.

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'S MaxMara

DESIGN FOR EASY LIVING

Here is The Cube.

letter from the editor



DESIGNING WOMAN

RIGHT: TORY BURCH IN HER OWN TOP. ABOVE: MODEL EDITA VILKEVICIUTE WITH BURCH'S TWIN SONS, HENRY AND NICK. PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRUCE WEBER.



QUEEN FOR A DAY

ABOVE: NICOLE KIDMAN IN ALTUZARRA. PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER LINDBERGH. LEFT: WITH DAUGHTERS SUNDAY ROSE AND FAITH, AND HUSBAND KEITH URBAN.



Ladies FIRST

Two admirable women, Nicole Kidman and Tory Burch, take center stage in this issue, affording us the opportunity to catch up on their lives. And I would emphasize *lives* here. Both Nicole and Tory, for all their phenomenally busy and accomplished careers, are deeply committed to their families and their time away from work—a commitment made only stronger by the personal challenges that each of them has had to rise above over the years.

When I saw Nicole on a *Vogue* shoot in England at Waddesdon Manor not long after her wedding to Keith Urban, she told me, “Anna, I love being married.” The contentment that radiated from Nicole is the kind that can affect every area of one’s life, and she certainly must be thrilled with how

everything is unfolding for her these days. As you will read in Jason Gay’s profile (“A World Apart,” page 170), Nicole is not only happily settled into raising kids in Nashville but choosing to push herself with plenty of intriguing and challenging acting roles. And by doing so, she is defying the ageism that, sadly, is still all too prevalent in Hollywood.

Just as Nicole is no stranger to taking risks, neither is Tory Burch, who is about to launch a new label, Tory Sport (“La Vie Tory,” page 156). Like so much of what Tory has done, it’s built on intuition—on knowing inherently that all of us are now looking for fashionable clothes to exercise in. A year or so after Tory had started her business, I made a few calls to various industry leaders telling them they should keep an eye on her, as she was going to do so well, and most took a polite, if noncommittal, interest. Well, I don’t think even I could have predicted just how far Tory would come; those instincts of hers have created a multibillion-dollar brand. Tory, like Nicole, understands that the value of risks is that they can bring all sorts of rewards.

Anna Wintour

BURCH SONS: FASHION EDITOR: SARA MOONVES. HAIR: DIDIER MALLEGE. MAKEUP: AARON DE MEY. PRODUCED BY DAWN BOLLER FOR LITTLE BEAR. KIDMAN: FASHION: EDITOR: TONNE GOODMAN. HAIR: SHAY ASHUAL. FOR WELLA PROFESSIONALS. MAKEUP: DIANE KENDAL. SET DESIGN: OWL AND THE ELEPHANT STUDIO. PRODUCED BY RICARDO D. MARTINS FOR NORTH SIX. FAMILY: MTRX/AKM-GSI. DETAILS: SEE IN THIS ISSUE.



A POINT OF VIEW IS
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talking back

Letters from Readers



PASSION PLAYER
CAREY MULLIGAN
IN MICHAEL KORS.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY
MIKAEL JANSSON.

ENGLISH ROSE

The cover photo of Carey Mulligan was mesmerizing, and the corresponding article ["Passion Player," by Gaby Wood, photographed by Mikael Jansson, May] gave me just enough background on one of my favorite actors. I am happy to allow her to keep her private life private—it makes her more interesting as an actor, as it does Mulligan's heroes Tilda Swinton and Kate Winslet.

Barbara Sheltraw
Saginaw, MI

A PROCESS TO REMEMBER

Thank you for the illuminating behind-the-scenes glimpse of Elisabeth TNT's preparation for this year's

Metropolitan Museum's Costume Institute gala [TNT, Flash, May]. Having waited with bated breath to see how the evening's attendees would sartorially interpret "China: Through the Looking Glass," I was fascinated to see how much planning and anticipatory excitement goes into the big night.

Juliane A. Cartaino
Hillsboro, OH

PHOTOREALISM

Sarah Karnasiewicz's account of time with her idol, photographer Sally Mann, resonated with me ["Big Picture," Nostalgia, May]. Having recently ended work with an equivalent figure in my own life, I also often wonder if "the impulse to turn away from her [had] been my first real gesture of

independence—or a spoiled, soft-bellied child's admission of defeat." The type of professional intimacy Karnasiewicz describes results in heartbreak when a pupil's expectation for mentorship is not met. My experience has led to a professional awakening that allows me to be a more effective leader. Thank you for putting words to an experience that embodies both the difficulty of defeat and the hard-earned joy of self-respect.

Jennifer Dossett
Monterey, CA

LEADING LADIES

Congratulations on "Go East," one of VOGUE's most beautiful shoots in years [photographed by Steven Meisel, May]. Fei Fei Sun is clearly a top model of our time, on a par with Natalia Vodianova and Caroline Trentini. However, I strongly hope that we will see more of Fei Fei—not only in Asian-themed stories or as part of a "multicultural" group. She, along with Du Juan, Jourdan Dunn, and Malaika Firth, deserves to star in the kind of ethereal-princess shoots that are routinely given to Vodianova and Trentini—complete with lavish settings and Hollywood leading men. Making nonstereotypical use of these models would ensure that VOGUE stays ahead of the game.

Lesley Chow
Melbourne, Victoria
Australia

As happy as I am to have read Alice Gregory's account of the "transgender turning point" ["The New World," photographed by Patrick Demarchelier, May], I would love to see trans models like Andreja Pejic, Lea T, or Carmen Carrera featured in VOGUE spreads just as much as Karlie Kloss and Joan Smalls. Andreja is a VOGUE woman and should be treated simply as one of the girls.

Tim Napoli
New York, NY

VOGUE welcomes letters from its readers. Address all mail to Letters, VOGUE Magazine, 1 World Trade Center, New York, NY 10007, or via email to Talkingback@vogue.com. Please include your name, address, and a daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity and may be published or used in any medium. All submissions become the property of the publication and will not be returned.



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contributors



JORDAN IN DOLCE & GABBANA
ALTA SARTORIA

IMOGEN Waterhouse

“Acting certainly helps modeling, in my mind, since it’s all about confidence.”

THE “STEAL OF THE MONTH” SUBJECT ON HER TWIN CAREERS (PAGE 188)



WATERHOUSE IN A
TOPSHOP DRESS.

MICHAEL B. Jordan

You’re getting me right in the middle of a creative session,” Michael B. Jordan says one afternoon in June. “I’m developing this graphic novel right now, but I can’t say too much about it.” Fitting, then, that the 28-year-old is about to experience his first bona fide movie-star moment with the premiere of *Fantastic Four*—he plays the Human Torch alongside costars Kate Mara, Miles Teller, and Jamie Bell (and he also appears in Tabitha Simmons’s “Heart & Soul,” page 150). And unlike other actors who might wear their capes begrudgingly, Jordan is a genuine comic-book nerd. Growing up in New Jersey, he devoured serials such as *X-Men* (“of course”), *Inhumans*, *Black Panther*, *Spider-Man*, and, not surprisingly, *Fantastic Four*. “I’ve always been a fan. I mean, *Dragon Ball Z* changed my life.”

Jordan worked with *Fantastic Four* director Josh Trank once before, on 2012’s *Chronicle*, an instant cult classic reminiscent of *Carrie*, so he had a head start in preparing for this latest Marvel adaptation. “We’re from the same generation,” Jordan says of Trank. “We speak the same language.” (Jordan enjoys developing repeat relationships, having also collaborated with young helmer Ryan Coogler on both *Fruitvale Station*, his breakout film, and the upcoming boxing saga *Creed*.) And Trank’s praise for Jordan is unabated: “Mike is, incomparably, one of the most magnetic individuals I’ve ever met. On set, he elevates whatever you’re doing.” Jordan himself has ambitions to match: “I wanted the roles that Joseph Gordon-Levitt couldn’t do; that Shia LaBeouf passed on; that Leonardo DiCaprio was too old for. That’s what I set my sights on, and so far, it’s working out.” —MARK GUIDUCCI

KIDMAN AND
LINDBERGH ON
LOCATION



Peter LINDBERGH

“I wanted to photograph Nicole without much makeup, quite natural and very much herself, as I know and love her. The beauty of the desert in Morocco, together with Nicole’s beauty, was outstanding.”

THE PHOTOGRAPHER ON HIS MUSE (“A WORLD APART,” PAGE 170)



FALL 2015
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up front

The Spy Who Loved Me

At 26, KATHERINE HEINY fell in love with a British secret agent. And so began a marriage filled with sudden meetings, mysterious phone calls, and a thrilling complicity.

After we'd been dating about three weeks, Ian told me what he really did over breakfast at a restaurant on Broadway and Seventy-second Street. We made an odd pair: a distinguished-looking 42-year-old man in a business suit and a 20-something in jeans and a T-shirt. I had been up writing all night and was so desperate for coffee that my fingers were trembling.

Ian reached across the table for my hand. "I have to tell you something," he said. "I'm not really a diplomat. I work for MI6."

I blinked. "What's MI6?"

He looked startled. "Well, you know . . . MI6."

"I just told you I don't know what that is," I said.

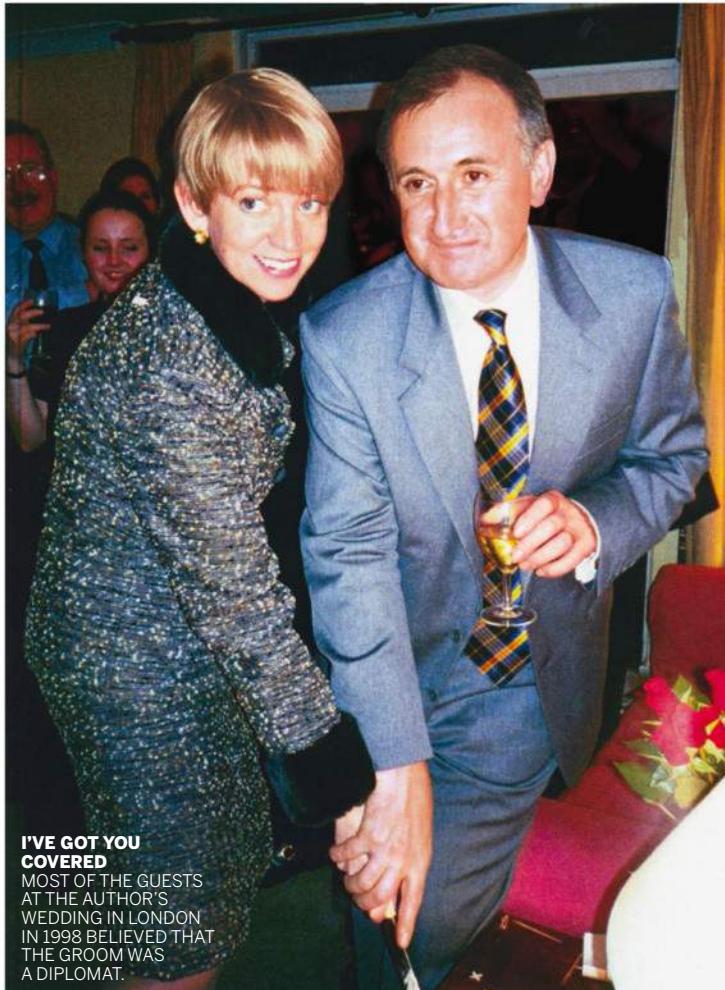
"Like James Bond," he said.

I didn't know how to respond. I didn't know much about foreign policy or counterintelligence. What I cared about was books and writing and poetry and watching Woody Allen movies with my friends. I cared that I had found a man who liked the way I looked without mascara and with whom I wanted to spend every single second.

A waiter was finally approaching, carrying a coffeepot. "Caffeine!" I said. "Thank God!"

Whatever Ian was hoping for, it probably wasn't that.

It did occur to me that he might be lying, possibly even crazy. After all, I'd read somewhere that the two most common schizophrenic delusions are to believe that you are 1) the king of England or 2) a secret agent. And given the character of New York City in 1993, and my dating history in particular, it seemed far more likely that I would have taken up with a schizophrenic than an actual spy. I thought of a girl I knew who thought she was dating the Stray Cats drummer for a



I'VE GOT YOU COVERED

MOST OF THE GUESTS AT THE AUTHOR'S WEDDING IN LONDON IN 1998 BELIEVED THAT THE GROOM WAS A DIPLOMAT.

year and then found out he wasn't actually in the band. And there was no way to verify Ian's story. You can't call Member Services at MI6 and ask if your boyfriend belongs. It's not the police force; Ian didn't have a badge that he could show me. But he did have an office at the United Nations—I knew that because I'd called him there. And he did seem to know an awful lot about politics, and he was dashing and sophisticated, so he met my limited criteria for being a spy.

Ian and I met at a Christmas party. He spoke with a British accent and was wearing a tuxedo because he'd come from a formal dinner. I knew as soon as I saw him that this was a man I wanted to meet. I asked him what he did and he said, "What do you think I do?" And I said, "Well, you look like a Secret Service agent," and he told me later that I nearly gave him a heart attack. He said he was a diplomat and offered to give me a tour of the U.N. sometime. I said that would be unbelievably exciting, although in reality, the very idea of it made me want to take a nap. Ian was handsome, with the first glints of silver showing in the hair at his temples. He was divorced, with two preteen children. Everything interested him, and he was a fabulous audience. You could tell him a story without one interesting feature and he would listen attentively and ask for more details. I was a freelance writer, dating a former professional soccer player from Ecuador. Ian called me the next day and again the day after that. I broke up with the soccer player.

I didn't know it then, but once Ian had made me "conscious" (which is the MI6 word for telling someone what you really do), he had to make MI6 conscious of me. **UP FRONT** >78



JIMMY CHOO

Ian was under “deep cover,” meaning that no one but MI6 and FBI headquarters knew his real identity. If he chose to tell anyone other than his immediate family who he was, he had to report it. And if he told someone he was dating, he had to file a document officially called something like “SV/PD/41a” but more commonly known as “The Morning After Form.” These are kept in a special filing cabinet in the corner of the office and they are the only things in that filing cabinet, so Ian couldn’t pretend he was over there looking for Department of Defense paperwork—all of his colleagues knew exactly what form he was after, and there was a lot of snickering. But Ian filed the form, and then MI6 had the FBI vet me to make sure I wasn’t a Soviet agent or someone with links to terrorism.

To this day, I wonder what exactly the vetting involved. Were high-powered telescopes trained on me as I sat at my desk writing novels? Did FBI agents bug my apartment and listen while my roommate and I spent hours talking about how much mayonnaise you can put on a sandwich before it’s officially considered fattening? I don’t know, but they must have figured I really was just a cheerful blonde from Michigan, and they cleared me.

The first few weeks after Ian told me we were especially thrilling. I looked at him sometimes—over dinner or as we struggled through the snow together on the sidewalks—and I couldn’t believe he had trusted me with such a huge secret. I never had any doubt that Ian was serious about me—after going through all this trouble, how could he not be? That March, the snow closed in on us during what some people were calling “The Storm of the Century,” and Ian and I could

His address book had entries that didn’t make much sense. (I realized later they were in code)

barely make it from my apartment to the bodega next door to buy potato chips and coffee. I felt that we were the only two people in the world. It was a different kind of blossoming than any of my previous romances, faster and sweeter and far more intense.

Ian warned me against telling anyone who he was. While studying mathematics at Cambridge, he had been spotted by a recruiter and had served for some 20 years. Now he was under a death threat from the KGB for convincing one of its high-level hit men to defect, and then smuggling him out of the country. (The hit man, code-named Godzilla, was now godfather to Ian’s children.) In New York, Ian “ran” dozens of agents—people he recruited and persuaded to give him information, people whose lives would be in danger if anyone knew they were talking to him. I knew the names and identities of a number of these agents, and when and where Ian was meeting them. I grew fond of some of them—one would speak to me when I answered our phone, although most just hung up.

Since Ian had lived under a death threat for more than ten years by the time we met, basic precautionary behavior was ingrained in him. I had noticed from the very beginning that he never sat with his back to the door in a restaurant, which sometimes meant asking me to change places with him. His

address book had entries that didn’t make much sense. (I realized later they were in code.) He refused to reveal casual details to strangers. Even today, when a waitress asks us where we’re from, he will say, “Oh, here and there.”

I found the idea of keeping a secret with no end date overwhelming. I told everyone he was on the Security Council at the United Nations—it was his official story, and he was a named delegate. That satisfied most people, but sometimes a friend would ask me details about Ian’s career and I would feel distinctly queasy. I was also frustrated that I had to stay silent. His life was so exciting—he was so exciting; he spoke seven languages and had been recruited by the man on whom John le Carré had based George Smiley—and yet I had to keep it all to myself. In some ways, this was romantic—lovers love secrets. But I am a writer, and writers love to tell stories.

After six months of knowing each other, Ian and I moved in together. He was easy to live with, although his schedule was unpredictable and he frequently had meetings that ran until the early hours of the morning. Sometimes I knew where he was, but often I didn’t—he’d just disappear. There were no cell phones in those days, and no way of knowing when he’d be back.

Late one evening I returned to our apartment and found an enormously drunk Russian man struggling to open our coat closet. I knew exactly who he must be: Godzilla.

How can I describe Godzilla? Big is probably the best word. He was six feet six inches tall, and at least that wide. He had a booming voice. “Katie!” he bellowed that first night. “You are Katie! I can see you are marvelous! Brilliant! I love you already!” I’m not sure anyone has ever been so happy to meet me.

Godzilla was never supposed to be left unsupervised when he visited New York for fear that he might attract attention to himself and break cover. The next day Ian had to work, so he told me to stay with Godzilla.

“What am I supposed to do with him?” I whispered in the hallway as Ian got ready to leave.

“Keep him inside,” Ian advised. He kissed me and left. I walked back down the hall to the kitchen, where I found our guest eating breakfast.

Godzilla was determined to leave the apartment, so I trailed after him nervously. We went to a store on Park Avenue where Godzilla bought about 20 Porthault towels. After so many years of living in the Soviet Union, he could never believe that you didn’t have to buy everything in stock—he was convinced the shelves would be empty the next day.

I carried the big bag of towels, and Godzilla immediately hailed a cab and told the driver to take us to a Russian restaurant in Brighton Beach. But it turned out that he had given the driver the wrong address, and Godzilla and the driver got into a huge argument. I extracted Godzilla from the cab while he shouted insults in Russian. We finally found the restaurant, and Godzilla ordered every single item on the menu. The bill was astronomical.

We took a taxi back to the city and wound up at a piano bar on the Upper East Side where Godzilla kept asking the pianist to play Beatles songs, with which

UP FRONT > 80



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he would sing along in a thundering baritone, his voice like bowling balls dropping to the floor. This went on for hours. I finally persuaded him to leave, and we started walking back to the apartment. It was early evening by then, and I knew Ian must be worried. Possibly all of MI6 was worried.

A police car pulled up beside us with the flashers on, bathing us in pulses of red and blue light. Instantly, Godzilla grabbed my arm, nearly lifting me off my feet, and propelled me toward the Seventy-seventh Street subway entrance. But before we reached the station, the police car cruised slowly by. Godzilla relaxed, and we continued walking home.

In all the years I knew Godzilla, he and I never spoke of that moment. We never discussed the fear on his face or the fact that he was so clearly, at that second, bent on flight. His visit changed the way I thought about Ian, whose manner was easy and unworried. I had to stop myself and remember that he also lived under constant threat. He and I easily could have been the ones stumbling down the subway steps toward an uncertain future.

Most of the time, Ian kept his spy world separate from our personal one, but once he invited a couple over for drinks, and when they rang the doorbell, he said to me, "I'm trying to recruit this guy—give his wife a tour of the apartment or something. I need at least an hour alone with him."

An hour? We lived in a two-bedroom apartment. I showed the woman our bedroom, our bathroom, our closet, then the guest bedroom, the guest bath, the guest closet, then the kitchen. "This is our dishwasher," I said, opening it. "It has a whole bunch of different settings. Here, let's try one. Press the button for POT SCRUBBER."

Can you imagine what this poor woman was thinking? Can you imagine how badly she wanted a glass of wine? (I didn't offer her one, because I was afraid that then she'd want to sit down in the living room and drink it.) She was very polite and said nice things about our fuse box when I made her look in the storage cupboard, but I'm sure she wondered if I was in the early stages of a nervous breakdown.

Two years after we met, Ian's assignment in New York ended and we moved to London. We didn't even discuss it—we knew we had to stay together. Ian had no specific cover job, just "British diplomat," and every time we attended a dinner party with my friends, we rehearsed the details on the way over. This always made me a little sad—we were now the boring couple we presented to the world. At least in New York, Ian had had the distinction of being British.

Then one morning while I was working at my desk, the phone rang. It was a friend of mine who worked at Reuters.

"What does your boyfriend do?" he asked.

My heart began to beat very fast. "You know what Ian does," I said. "He's a diplomat."

My friend was quiet for a moment. "I think you should know," he said, "that Ian's cover has been broken. It's going to be in the papers tomorrow."

I hung up and dialed Ian's number with numb fingers.

"I don't know how to tell you this, but——"

I didn't have to tell him. Before I could, I could hear the Brent

phone—the secure, encrypted MI6 phone that only ever seems to ring with bad news—begin clanging in the background.

It was believed to be a disgruntled MI6 agent who leaked the names and identities of 116 undercover agents to the press. Ian was lucky. He was working in London under "light cover," meaning that everyone who worked at headquarters

Then one morning the phone rang. "What does Ian do?" my friend asked. My heart began to beat very fast

or the Foreign & Commonwealth Office knew his identity. He didn't have to be helicoptered out of Tehran or Islamabad the way some agents did.

Six months later, Ian was transferred to Washington, D.C., to be the official government liaison between MI6 and the American intelligence community. Nothing about his new position was a secret. It was a prestigious job—we had a big house and a chauffeured car and a full-time housekeeper—and now I could finally tell my former roommate what Ian did. But it all seemed anticlimactic. I had loved our life as secret agent and accomplice/writer. I had a hard time reconciling Ian's new, formal title with the man I knew who juggled oranges and spoke to me in a goofy French accent over an entire weekend in Paris.

We got married in London in 1998, just before we moved back to America. The British ambassador had a reception for us our first night in D.C., and every person who came through the receiving line said his or her name and then added "FBI," "CIA," or "Secret Service." I flinched every time, unused to people stating their real names, let alone the organization they worked for. Now the secrecy I had lived with so long was ingrained in me too.

On the morning of 9/11, Ian and I had been living in D.C. for three years. I was feeding our fifteen-month-old baby breakfast when I saw the news footage of the first plane hitting the Twin Towers.

"Oh, my God," I said to Ian, "what a terrible accident."

Ian pulled on his suit jacket. "Terrorism" was all he said. "Don't leave the house." And then he went straight to the embassy.

I watched the news for most of the morning and then tried to put the baby down for his nap. But I couldn't find his lovey—a stuffed animal we called Piglet—and my son screamed for two hours while I searched the house.

Yes, I knew we were experiencing the most deadly terrorist attack on American soil, I knew I was married to the highest-ranking British intelligence officer in America, I knew that his specialty was Middle Eastern counterterrorism, and yes, it did occur to me that he might be a little bit busy, but I called him at work anyway. I was desperate.

Unbeknownst to me, Ian was in a top-level meeting with George Tenet and Condoleezza Rice. His secretary for some reason put me straight through.

"Do you have any idea where Piglet is?" I asked.

"Negative," Ian said in a CONTINUED ON PAGE 200



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BANKS OF
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GLIN CASTLE
SITS NESTLED
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Midsummer Knight's Dream

Raised amid the magic and history of her family's 300-year-old Irish castle, CATHERINE FITZGERALD bids it a fond farewell and toasts its future life.

It was the summer of 1995; I had just finished my final exams at Trinity College, Dublin, and was at my family home, Glin Castle, in west Limerick, helping in the kitchen. We had recently opened for bed-and-breakfast, and the castle was busy with guests.

The phone rang: It was *British Vogue*. They were planning a trip to Ireland, starting in Dublin and heading west. Their story was to have a bohemian feel: Pre-Raphaelite girls with pale skin and great halos of red hair—set off by the faded Georgian splendor of eighteenth-century town houses and castles. Could they come to Glin?

We had had fashion shoots at the house before; just a couple of years earlier Arthur Elgort had arrived with Nadja Auermann and shot in one of our four-poster bedrooms for *American Vogue*. This time the plan was to re-create a party of bright young things in the elegant Adam-style rooms and out in the garden under the trees. Bruce Weber was the photographer. Our job was to gather a group of photogenic young friends and summon up the vision. I hit the telephone. The unusually good June weather and the lure of beautiful clothes, delicious food, wine, and Bruce Weber himself did the trick—they were on their way.

Vogue arrived, and the trunks of clothes and fantastical hats and shoes were unpacked and arrayed on racks and hangers in the lobby looking out to the green lawns of the garden. Exquisite dresses appeared from between layers of rustling tissue paper. Scarlet satin columns; feathered headpieces like exotic birds; handmade silk flowers for pinning on

bodices; well-cut riding jackets in silk velvet; figure-hugging skirts with trains; floaty chiffon ball gowns; and a skintight, black PVC number mixed in. It was a dressing-up fantasy.

A famous makeup artist transformed us all into vamps, wine flowed, and we warmed to our theme. Bruce—with a huge entourage—snapped away as we frolicked on the lawn and under the ancient Monterey pine. We later discovered the editor had despaired that it was far too wild and there were complaints that we were all too fat. Blissfully unaware of this, we had rarely had more fun or admired ourselves so much.

The house was built for parties, but entertaining there had not always been so easy. My ancestors the Knights of Glin (my father was the twenty-ninth) were besieged by the soldiers of Elizabeth I in 1600 and blasted out of their stronghold, the ruins of which still stand in the village. Cromwell arrived a few generations later, and my family escaped to the hills.

Eventually, by valiant fight and clever machinations, they managed to reclaim the FitzGerald lands and by the end of the seventeenth century lived in a longhouse on the site of a wing of the current castle. When it was renovated we discovered an ancient shoe in its walls of turf and rubble.

By the late 1700s, times were more settled and the knights more prosperous. John Bateman FitzGerald, the twenty-third knight, managed to bag an English heiress, Margareta Maria Fraunceis Gwyn. She was from the beautiful Forde Abbey in Dorset. Portraits show her elegant in a powdered wig with her dandy husband in the dashing Volunteer uniform he had designed for himself, with gold braid,

NOSTALGIA > 84



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flashes of scarlet, navy-blue frogging, and tight breeches.

For such a pair, the smoky turf longhouse simply wouldn't do. They designed a magnificent residence with large bow windows looking out onto the Shannon. There was nothing to match it for miles around. The hall ceiling was decorated with delicate Adam-style plasterwork done by a master stuccadore and painted in rich Pompeian red, sage green, and faded gold. My father, who was a scholar of Irish art, loved to point out its bosomy harp and shamrocks for music and Ireland, the dolphins for the Shannon, the cornucopia and grapes for feasting and drinking. In the center, our coat of arms: a fierce tusked boar and the FitzGerald war cry, *Shanid a Boo*—“Shanid forever!” (Shanid was the first FitzGerald castle, built in the 1200s and still standing a few miles away.)

To my father's frustration, the stuccadore's identity was lost when “Cracked Jack,” as the twenty-fifth knight was known, burned all the family papers in the nineteenth century. He had had a knock on the head while hunting and was from then on a bit “touched.” He was said to have gone to bed riding his horse up the stairs—the only flying staircase in Ireland, spanned by a Venetian window.

Tn rooms lit by candlelight, with wood fires blazing, the twenty-third knight and Margaretta entertained with balls and dancing. Musicians played; the family bard recited; feasting and card playing went long into the night. When they needed a change of scene, they went sailing on the Shannon in their yacht, *The Farmer*. In only 20 years, the profligate pair went through all their money, and the family had to sell the contents of the house.

Margaretta eventually returned to England, but her dashing son “the Knight of the Women” somehow kept up traditions, turning the house into the pasteboard Gothic-fantasy castle of today, with battlements and pepper-pot lodges, in which he housed a succession of mistresses.

My father lived by Diana Cooper's maxim “Always go to a party—you might meet someone!” He relished the throng and loved a good rave-up with dancing, so the tradition of parties continued. Fellow scholars mixed with poets and musicians and friends from my parents' swinging youth in sixties London. Marianne Faithfull ended up leaving Mick Jagger one weekend for another guest, Lord Rossmore. It was all over the papers, and the neighborhood was thrilled.

As children, in a foretaste of our session with Bruce Weber, we performed plays for the guests, dressing up in frock coats, bicorne hats with ostrich feathers, and my grandmother's gowns from the 1930s. My father's first wife, the fashion muse Loulou de la Falaise, had left belts for a waist so narrow that they would fit us nine-year-olds, and a silk Chinese jacket embroidered with flowers and butterflies. *Bluebeard* was



our most popular production. I would open the cupboard in the hall and my sister Nesta would fall out—one of the corpses of the many murdered wives.

We would take our guests on expeditions to churchyards and abbeys, stone circles, dolmens, and ruined castles. In all weathers, we would unpack flasks of Bovril, sausages, and hard-boiled eggs, and Dad might declaim the poem by Emily Lawless called “Fontenoy. 1745” or “Home to Corca Bascinn on the brimming tide,” about the ghosts of mercenaries returning from battles on the continent, rowing their spectral ships up the Shannon back home to Clare. We picked magic mushrooms on the island and took them home to dry on the Aga, dishing them out after dinner to young and old alike, and a crazy night would ensue—the house alive with music, dancing, and chat.

Travelers, genealogists, historical groups, film and fashion crews, golfing parties, and sailing enthusiasts all came and went—even a busful of mediums who upset all the ghosts. All were part of my growing up. For my twenty-first birthday, we had a tent on the front field, decorated by our neighbor Keith Payne, who designed sets for the Rolling Stones. He painted fabulous scenes of jousting knights and languid damsels in lofty castles. Years later, we dug out Keith's canvases to adorn another tent for my wedding to Dominic West. Hundreds of friends and half the cast of *The Wire* came, and we barbecued Kerry lamb and drank Guinness for three days.

My father died in 2011, and with him the title, since he had three daughters. A piebald horse drew his coffin on an ivy-strewn cart to the church at the end of the drive. The main street of the village was thick with people, as if mourning a dead chieftain, the passing of the last knight. An uilleann piper piped a lament as he was carried up to the family graveyard. And now, because the castle is too much for us to maintain, we are selling it for the first time in its history. It is hard to let it go, but I hope the tradition of family and parties will continue and imagine that the spirits of John Bate-man and Margaretta, the Knight of the Women, Cracked Jack, and Knighty himself—as my father was affectionately known—will be joining in. □

MAIDENS IN THE SHADE
FROM LEFT: THE AUTHOR,
SHOT BY BRUCE WEBER,
1995; NADJA AUERMANN,
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ARTHUR
ELGORT, VOGUE, 1993.



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FLASH

EDITOR: CHLOE MALLE



TWO STEP
WALLIS CURRIE-WOOD (IN VERA WANG) AND ALEX SHARP (IN BILLY REID) ARRIVE FOR THE TONY AWARDS.

Alex Sharp & Wallis Currie-Wood

Alex Sharp first met Wallis Currie-Wood at their final audition for the Juilliard School of Drama. He, from Devon, England, and heartbroken over his rejection from the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and she, from Austin, Texas, and then just eighteen years old, each read monologues by Shakespeare—and both eventually accepted invitations to attend the storied arts academy.

Five years on, the couple's collective résumé reads a bit differently. In June, Sharp won a Tony for his precise and achingly poignant lead performance in **Marianne Elliott**'s Broadway transfer of *The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-Time*. (In his Tony-acceptance speech, Sharp answered

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the question that ends **Simon Stephens's** script with heartening sincerity: “‘Does that mean I can do anything?’ Yes, it does,” he said.) Currie-Wood, for her part, has not only inadvertently committed entire scenes of *Curious Incident* to memory, having lived with Sharp throughout rehearsals and production, but also found early success in her own right as a regular on the hit CBS show *Madam Secretary*. In her world, “the Oval Office is located in a warehouse in Greenpoint.” Who knew?

The couple currently occupy an apartment near the Barrymore Theatre in midtown Manhattan, though they’re eager to move back uptown to Harlem, where they lived as students and where favorite jazz clubs beckon their return. “I’m a New Yorker,” Sharp declares, “and the coolest people are up there.” Perhaps the only area in which Sharp and Currie-Wood have recently allowed their lives to change is in their wardrobes. “I’ve become freer with how I dress,” says Sharp, having traded his *Curious Incident* costume (a cotton hoodie) for a custom Billy Reid dinner jacket for the Tonys. “I’m less afraid to express myself.” Currie-Wood would seem to agree. Her favorite part of wearing the jewel-embellished Vera Wang cocktail dress that early-summer evening? “It was unexpected.”—MARK GUIDUCCI



PET SMART

SHARP IN CHARACTER AS CHRISTOPHER BOONE IN *THE CURIOUS INCIDENT OF THE DOG IN THE NIGHT-TIME*, PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTON CORBIJN, VOGUE, 2014.



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Cirque du Soleil

Elisabeth TNT takes a Roman holiday for the sumptuous wedding of Sabine Ghanem and Joseph Getty.

NAVE GAZING

THE BRIDE, WEARING SCHIAPARELLI HAUTE COUTURE, AND GROOM EXCHANGE VOWS UNDER THE FRESCOED CEILING OF ROME'S BASILICA DI SANTI APOSTOLI, WHERE THE GROOM'S PARENTS, MARK AND DOMITILLA GETTY, WERE MARRIED 33 YEARS EARLIER.

When in Rome. . . . If ever there were a familiar expression to describe letting loose, that would be it. No surprise, then, that my friends jewelry designer **Sabine Ghanem** and financier **Joseph Getty** chose the city for their wedding extravaganza. Well, there was also the fact that Joseph's mother, **Domitilla**, was raised in Italy—and is sufficiently Italian that she even has a pope stuck somewhere in her family tree (N.B.: **FLASH**>92



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FLASH TNT

the ultimate chic Roman reference). At their disposal for the party was the beautiful Castello Odescalchi in Palo Laziale on the seaside just outside the city. The approach to the fairy-tale castle was along an encircling stone wall where you could see, smell, and breathe in the ocean. Up a few stairs you passed into the wedding *Spiegeltent*—a 1920s Dutch concept, only much bigger and the ultrachic circus-meets-cabaret. Yes, I have been to a party or two (in June alone I made it to three consecutive weddings), but #joebine, as it became known on Instagram, was a trip to multiple fantastical kingdoms.

Schiaparelli Haute Couture and Maison Lesage were busy right up to the big day making both Sabine's wedding gown and her party dress. She wanted something dramatic—what bride doesn't?—and told me that the seamstresses were fighting over working on the pair. At the service—held, sweetly, in

the very same Romanesque basilica where Joseph's parents had wed 33 years earlier—Sabine walked down the aisle past an ocean of pastel-colored flowers, wearing a figure-hugging, long-sleeved duchesse-silk dress embroidered with giant gold suns and complete with an endless hooded cape. It, too, had a sprawling gold sun made out of 500,000 hand-embroidered sequins glistening in the light. The cape came with its own seamstress, tailor, and car.

After luncheon at the stunning Circolo della Caccia, one of Rome's oldest members' clubs, it was on to the party. The bride wore her other Schiaparelli creation: beaded and ostrich-feathered and inspired by *Cher*'s legendary Bob Mackie look worn to the Met ball in 1974. "The ultimate party dress," Sabine told me.

All spectacular—but even the night before, we had been taken on a wild trip, with a *Liaisons Dangereuses* costume party at Palazzo Taverna. The room's gold stucco and elaborate tapestries were the perfect backdrop to powdered faces, enormous wigs, tight corsets, and exaggerated skirts. For my own costume, I had dived into my wardrobe and luckily found an old Meadham Kirchhoff corset and a puffy Simone Rocha skirt. I was quite proud of my Gothic-modern spin on the theme! Sabine was a vision in her custom pale-pink extravaganza, with extended hips, duchesse silk, and a beautiful corset covered in bows, lace, and bead trimmings. Oh, and her coiffure was so high, it made you wonder how many beehives were hiding underneath.

A touching moment came when the groom's father, **Mark Getty**, gave his speech. Over and over again he emphasized his deep affection and love for Sabine. "We didn't lose a son today; we won a daughter." Indeed! □

THE EXTERIOR OF THE SIXTH-CENTURY ROMAN CATHOLIC BASILICA WHERE THE CEREMONY WAS HELD.



IN FINE FEATHER

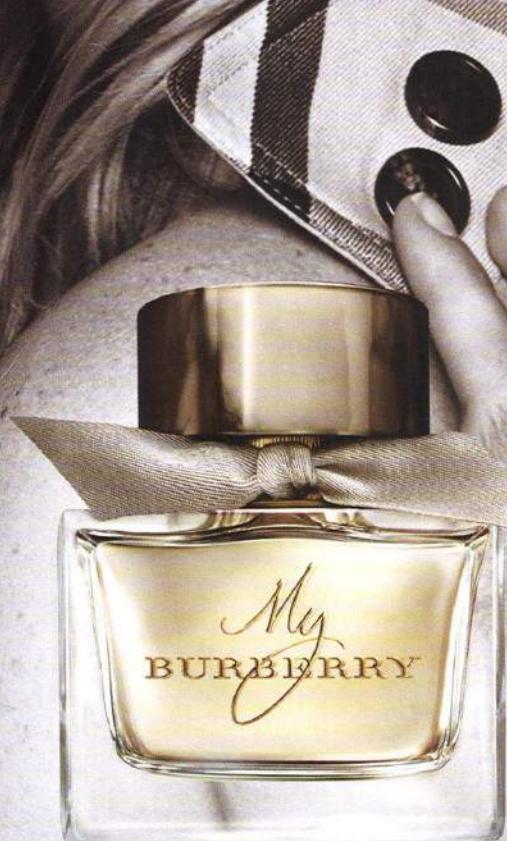
LEFT: A BUFFET TABLE AT THE *LIAISONS DANGEREUSES*-THEMED WELCOME FETE AT THE PALAZZO TAVERNA. ABOVE: MR. AND MRS. GETTY (IN A DIFFERENT SCHIAPARELLI HAUTE COUTURE EVENING DRESS) ARRIVING AT THE CASTELLO ODESCALCHI.



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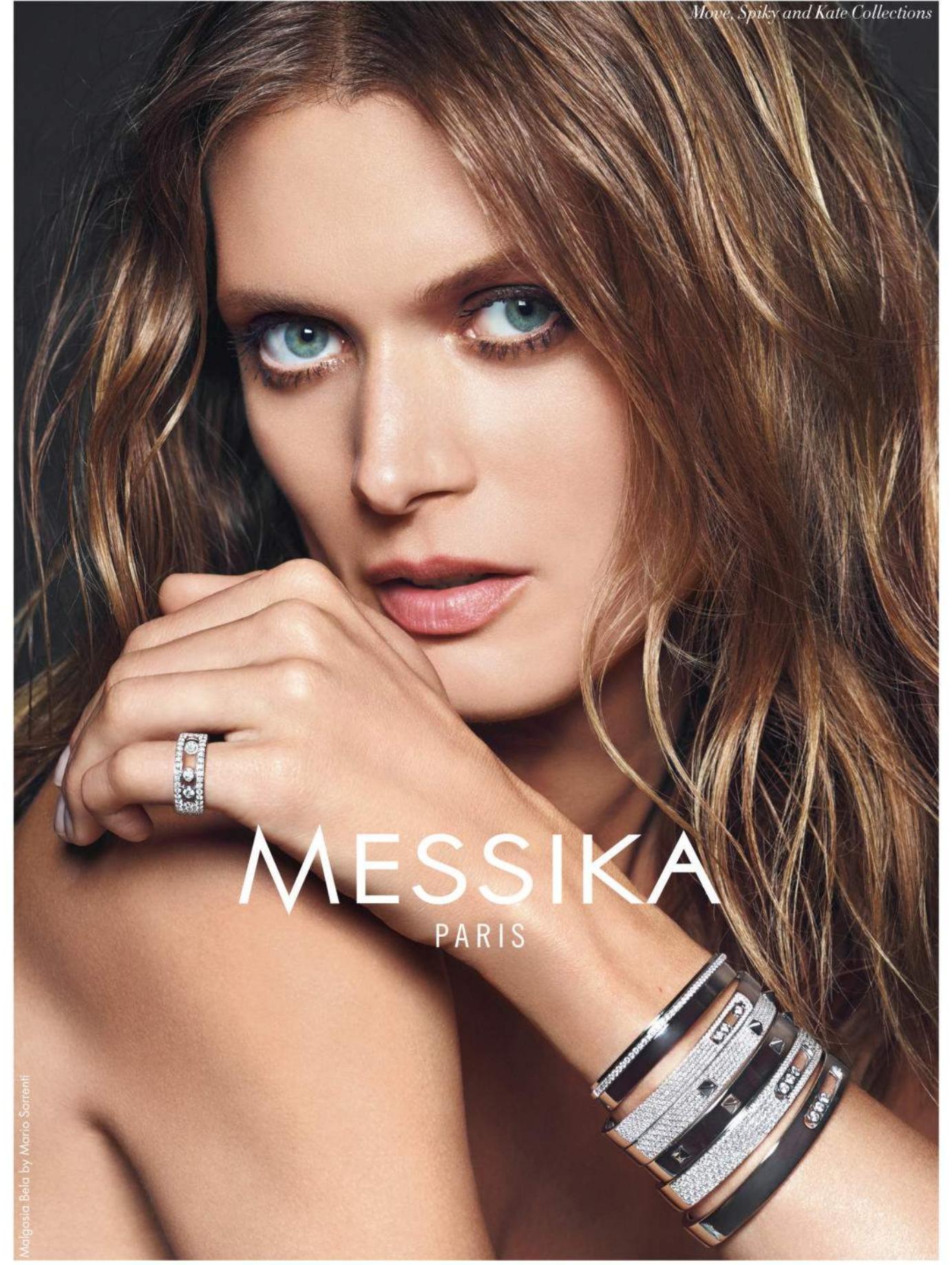
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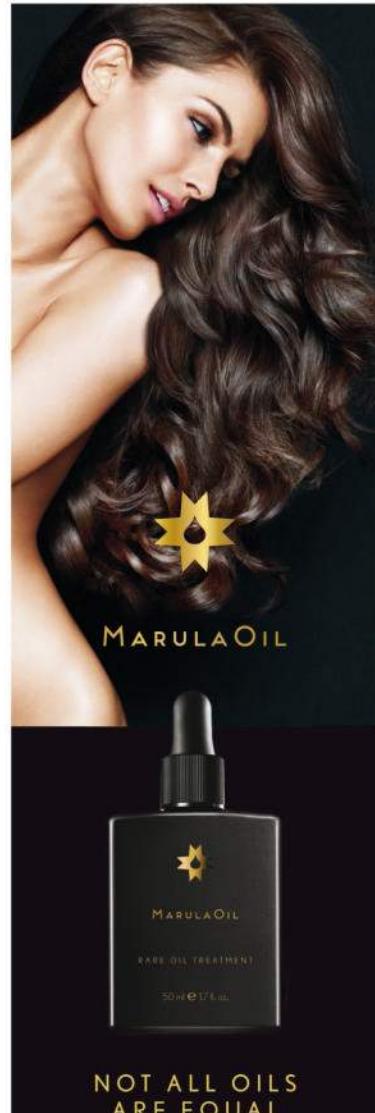
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EDITOR: MARK HOLGATE

THE LINES OF

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Fashion insider Emmanuel Tomasini's debut bag collection riffs on the sportif and speedy lines of the eighties power player's favorite toy: the Porsche 911. "That car was such a part of my generation," says Tomasini. "I wanted to capture the style of the time—but also the sense that now is a moment to return to the classics." And though the shapes may be conservative by design, the sumptuous, cashmere-like suede—with go-faster stripes of

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sleek banded leather—races stylishly ahead. The linear clutch summons the decadent, retro-chic glamour of Roxy Music, or late nights on the dance floor at Area; lipstick-red or French-navy leather, meanwhile, translates well into immaculate shoulder purses replete with raised 3-D squares and gold link chains.

Tomasini is revving up his bags, as are many other designers this season, with something more like a stealth purr: While they don't lack in grand eye-catching, statement-making details, it's the perfectly judged proportions that are so unobtrusively neat (and, yes, so desirable). "I have French eyes, but an Italian hand," says Tomasini, who honed his luxury prowess as a public relations consultant and is producing the collection in Abruzzi, just a Mediterranean heartbeat away from the Adriatic. "I wanted to create something new for the inspiring women I know"—a stylish set that includes Caroline de Maigret, Saskia de Brauw, and Anja Rubik, the last of whom is already sporting the tricolor clutch.

—E.E.B.

CHECKING EVERY BOX

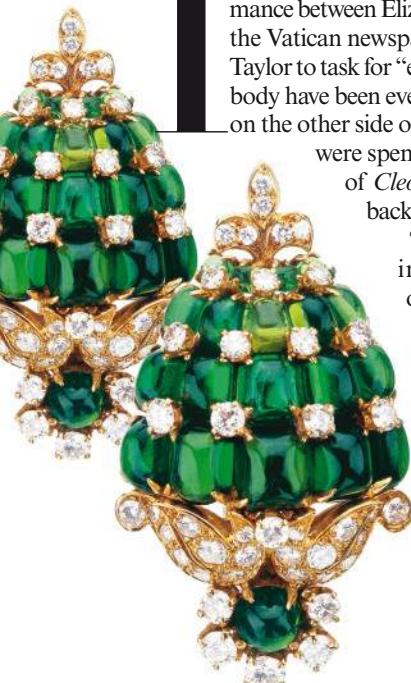
TOMASINI PARIS LEATHER BAG, \$1,770; MATCHESFASHION.COM. SANDRO TURTLENECK AND PANTS. DAVID YURMAN WATCH.

Roman EMPIRE

In the early 1960s, at the height of the scandalous romance between Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton, the Vatican newspaper printed an open letter taking Taylor to task for "erotic vagrancy." Would that august body have been even more incensed to learn that just on the other side of the Tiber, the couple in question were spending their downtime from the set of *Cleopatra* sneaking through a discreet back entrance of a certain jewelry shop?

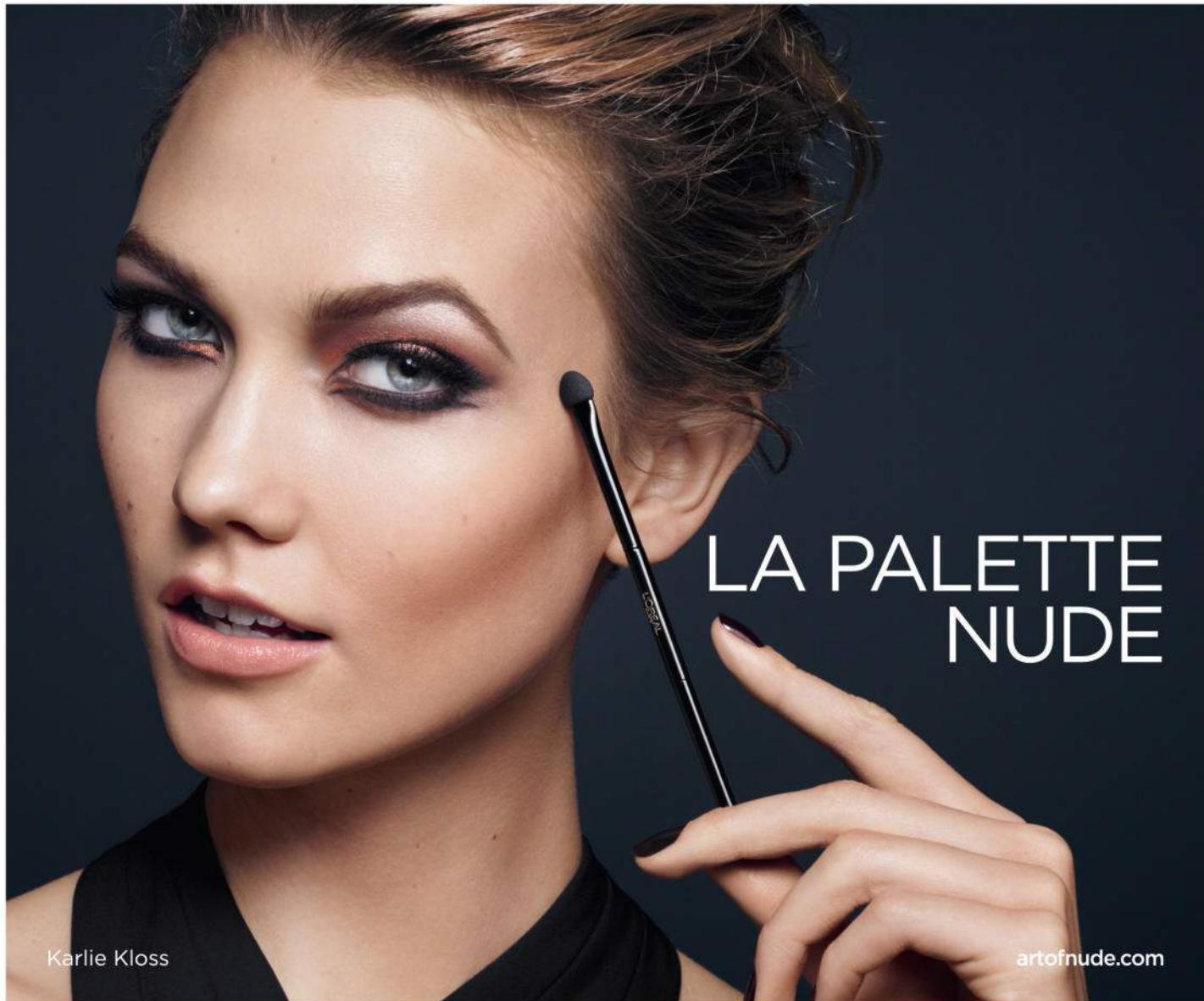
"The only word Elizabeth knows in Italian is *Bulgari*," Burton once quipped. Maybe so, but it was an abbreviated language that she—and other

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GREEN WITH ENVY
LEFT: BULGARI HERITAGE COLLECTION TOURMALINE-AND-DIAMOND EARRINGS. RIGHT: CAROLINE TRENTINI WEARS A BULGARI NECKLACE. VOGUE, 2014. PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID SIMS.





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international luminaries from Candice Bergen to Audrey Hepburn to Princess Grace—spoke, and in some cases still speak, fluently.

This fall the house is flaunting its own passionate affair at its New York flagship with the exhibition “Bulgari & Rome: Eternal Inspiration,” which presents landmark creations that celebrate the myriad ways in which the *maison* has been inspired by its hometown. The treasures on display—more than 35 pieces, dating from 1938 to 2005—include a two-tone gold necklace featuring five ancient Roman imperial silver-alloy coins, along with an emerald, ruby, and diamond sautoir designed as an homage to the octagonal ceiling coffers of the Palazzo della

Rovere in Rome. Other works echo the city’s distinctive architecture: Its cupolas emerge in the shapes of pendants; its mosaics inspire audacious color schemes—think of Bulgari’s exuberant mix of stones! (Bulgari’s fondness for its birthplace is far more than skin deep: Last year the company announced a collaboration with the City of Rome on the renovation and restoration of the beloved Spanish Steps.)

“I introduced Liz to beer; she introduced me to Bulgari,” Burton famously joked. Now it is possible to have a beer—better yet, make that a Campari Soda—and head to Fifth Avenue for a spectacular new kind of Roman holiday.—LYNN YAEGER



THROUGH THE ROOF
A BULGARI HERITAGE COLLECTION
EMERALD, DIAMOND, AND RUBY PENDANT NECKLACE, WITH A PREPARATORY SKETCH.

Head Games

This past March, the sartorial stars aligned at the CFDA/Vogue Fashion Fund’s Americans in Paris showroom to bring Baja East’s John Targon and Scott Studenberg under the same roof as modern-day milliner Gigi Burris. “I saw her walking through in one of her sensational hats, turned to John, and said, ‘We have to do something with Gigi,’” recalls Studenberg. Six months later, the trio is set to debut three made-to-order wide-brimmed straw toppers. They’ve taken Gigi’s signature fedora (in natural, black, and a stripe of tropical hues) and added hand-finished trim sourced from antique Balinese ceremonial skirts or jungle-print techno jacquard from French fabric house Hurel (both cornerstones of the surf-luxe brand). Consider yourself covered for the sunny season and beyond—after all, as Targon puts it, “it’s always summer somewhere.”

—RACHEL WALDMAN

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TRIPLE THREAT

GIGI BURRIS WITH BAJA EAST’S SCOTT STUDENBERG (NEAR RIGHT) AND JOHN TARGON. BURRIS WEARS GIGI BURRIS X BAJA EAST RACHEL HAT (\$495; BAJA-EAST.COM) AND A CREATURES OF THE WIND DRESS.



PENDANT: ANTONIO BARRELLA, STUDIO ORIZZONTE, ROME. SKETCH: COURTESY OF BULGARI. HERITAGE DEPARTMENT: BURRIS, STUDENBERG, AND TARGON. ZACKERY MICHAEL, FASHION EDITOR: EMMA ELWICK-BATES. HAIR: ANDRE GUNN. MAKEUP: SUZY GERSTEIN. DETAILS: SEE IN THIS ISSUE.

Barbara Palvin

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PEDAL PUSHERS

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You're one of those resourceful English girls," said my colleague over a recent Fashion Week repast in Café de Flore. (I had just steadied a wobbly table with an expedient twist of a show invitation.) "You can just tell by your shoes," she added. My simple two-inch Jimmy Choo black suede pumps appeared, if not exactly resourceful, at least sensible among a sea of uptown trainers and stacked Saint Laurent sandals. They looked like shoes with a sense of purpose.

Sometimes a change in what you wear comes over you as a necessity rather than a passing fancy (in my case, a broken toe led to the downsizing of my heels), but as the collections unfolded—Balenciaga, Chanel, Louis Vuitton—it quickly became clear to me that the low heel was on a new high. Stop me if you think you've heard this one before, but the kitten heel has returned yet again. Breaking news? Not exactly, but there is something novel and quietly clever about the latest takes, the chicest of them rendered in neutral suedes and ponyskin.

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"Weirdly, it's the old-fashioned elegance of kitten heels that makes them a modern choice," says Guillaume Henry, who ushered in his Nina Ricci debut with the silent gait of 32 pairs of them, demonstrating that a delicate two inches can carry a tomboyish sequined shift or an airy *combinaison* of lace. "Sexy for me means no artifice."

"There are no hard-and-fast rules on what to wear them with now," says Sandra Choi, creative director of Jimmy Choo, who favors something two-and-a-half inches or under. "Even a low heel will always make you feel lifted," she adds, arching up her five-foot-three frame.

Feeling buoyed myself, I decide to take on a Roman wedding weekend (Flash, page 90) from a lower standpoint. But while a kitten with a Valentino lace dress is perfectly appropriate for the service at Santi Apostoli, with further dress codes bungeeing from a costume ball to black tie, I wasn't

THEY CHALLENGE CONVENTION, IN A SLY WAY, BY THEIR VERY CONVENTIONALITY

convinced they brought enough glamour—or, let's be honest, fun—to the party. (Speaking of: Upon arriving in Roma at Fiumicino airport, I spotted fellow guest Daphne Guinness taking a respite on the porter's trolley near baggage claim, her seven-inch McQueen "no-heel" sandals hanging brilliantly in midair.) For dinner, I opted for undone hair with a sheer pearl-dotted Altuzarra dress—with a strong supporting role on the dance floor from the Choos—and at the *Liaisons Dangereuses* fete, I offset corsetry and panniers with smoke-colored satin Manolo Blahniks with crystal buckles. So: Lower, yes; diminished, no!

Back Stateside, a quick spin through the shoes at Jeffrey in the Meatpacking District shows me that smaller heels seem to already be taking over. If you need further evidence that the kitten heel has charmed even the coolest cadets, witness Proenza Schouler's Lazaro Hernandez and Jack McCollough, who showed their 2016 resort collection with twisted black suede pumps. This kitten, it seems, has bite. —EMMA ELWICK-BATES



Step Inside

Manolo Blahnik has developed a marvelous habit when it comes to storytelling, often pinching his voice into a kind of joyous squeak to highlight the drama: "She is divine" or, describing a long-ago visit to the Oyster Bay home of photographer Horst P. Horst, "It was absolutely freezing—and, can you believe it, I found him swimming outside completely in the nude!" It's a cue to the tumultuous *joie de vivre* of the Manolo universe, which, in all of its glamour and "madness" (Blahnik's word), is now immortalized in a new monograph, *Manolo Blahnik: Fleeting Gestures and Obsessions* (Rizzoli New York).

Each section of the book blends inspirations—a person, like Blahnik's late confidante Anna Piaggi, or a place, like El Caribe—with photographs of shoe designs they influenced, many of them shot by the designer's longtime friend and collaborator, Michael Roberts. One chapter, full of feathery champagne-satin mules, pays homage to Marie Antoinette (Blahnik designed much of the rococo footwear for Sofia Coppola's 2006 feature about the queen), while another pairs grand, bow-closed stilettos with the ornateness of Luchino Visconti's nineteenth-century Palermo in *The Leopard*. "I first saw the film around age 20," Blahnik says. "It is absolutely a religion for me." (Visconti's work likely also informed the electric-blue decadence of these fall boots, ABOVE.)

Elsewhere, the cobbler fondly recalls a portrait session when Irving Penn told him to "imagine the ecstasy of St. Teresa of Ávila!" while Blahnik held a detached slingback heel to his forehead. Blahnik describes Horst's photography as "staged, yes, but impeccably so," and the same sentiment would seem to apply to the designer's own lavish vision—which, as it turns out, will also be showcased in a Roberts-directed documentary due next year. All in all: Perfection! —NICK REMSEN



POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE
BLAHNIK'S LOVE OF THEATRICALS HAS LONG INFLUENCED HIS DESIGNS. TOP: MANOLO BLAHNIK SUEDE ANKLE BOOT, \$1,495; NEIMAN MARCUS STORES. ABOVE: KIRSTEN DUNST AS MARIE ANTOINETTE, PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ, VOGUE, 2006.

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Sofia Stays Luminous in Medium Beige.

Beauty

EDITOR: SARAH BROWN

BLUE STREAK
INE NEEDS IN A
CÉLINE DRESS,
TOP, AND
EARRING. BELOW
LEFT: MAKE EYE
SHADOWS IN
SIBERIAN BLUE
AND CELESTE.
HAIR, JULIEN
D'YS; MAKEUP,
DIANE KENDAL.
PHOTOGRAPHED
BY PATRICK
DEMARCHELIER.
FASHION EDITOR:
PHYLLIS POSNICK.

Graphic

Art

The biggest trend for fall?
Individuality. The season's
bold new takes on eye
makeup—from punk to
painterly—offer something
for every personality.

Once it was easy. There was a single trend or, OK, maybe two, on the runways, and a very limited makeup palette to accompany these unwavering fashion imperatives. You went out and bought the right outfit, slapped the right stuff on your face, and that was that—you were in style! But gradually, and then not so gradually, it all changed: A thousand flowers bloomed on catwalks. And as for your visage, well, depending on whether you were clad in flowing bohemian Chloé or Alexander Wang safety pins, you might dramatize yourself one day with a mere whisper of pale fire

BEAUTY > 114

EYE SHADOWS: JOHN MANN. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.

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Beauty **Makeup**

dancing precariously inside your eyes' water line, and opt for full-on Amy Winehouse-worthy raccoons the next.

If there is in fact one thread connecting the wildly disparate fantasias this season, it is the universal reliance on the quirky, unconventional eye—a collective desire to make that feature pop, but in a new, sometimes even deliberately inchoate manner. For fall, this charmingly eclectic train traveled from the imprecise painterly strokes of color-blocked blue covering upper lids at Céline—where it quickly became apparent that graphic doesn't have to mean black—to Kenzo, where chalky white, dabbed on as if with a plaster spatula, provided a futuristic flourish to match the clothes. At Fendi, black reasserted its hegemony, showing off a classic wing reimagined as a series of choppy freehand gestures, mimicking eyelashes. And at Saint Laurent, Hedi Slimane's heady Siouxsie Sioux–infused vision obviously required glowering punk eyes swept up at the sides.

The prolific makeup artist Pat McGrath thinks the current mood can be read as an affirmation of rampant individuality, and she ought to know: McGrath was responsible for the dramatic kohl lines adding depth and drama at Vuitton, Versace, and Victoria Beckham, but she also created their polar opposite—the pale pastel lids at Prada and its frisky sibling Miu Miu. (And, not least, she authored the highly embellished, wildly decorated face at Givenchy, a bold new take on fantastical romanticism that quickly became legendary.)

The apotheosis of this strong suit turned heads at John Galliano's first ready-to-wear collection for Maison Margiela, which McGrath describes as frankly heralding "a return of standout beauty." Musing on the somber-eyed angels she rendered for the show, she explains that she and Galliano researched everything from Fritz Lang's expressionistic 1927



STRONG STATEMENTS FROM LEFT: MAYBELLINE LASTING DRAMA PENCIL IN LUSTROUS SAPPHIRE, MARC JACOBS BEAUTY TWINKLE POP EYE STICK IN FRANNIE, GIORGIO ARMANI BEAUTY EYE TINT IN OBSIDIAN, ALIMA PURE EYE SHADOW IN COBALT. BACKGROUND: STILA GOT INKED CUSHION LINER IN AMETHYST INK.

masterpiece *Metropolis* to the cult soft-core erotic photographs of Carlo Mollino. "What didn't we do?" she chuckles, recalling the making of these latter-day Blanche DuBoises, sporting such embellishments as theatrical black liner wings vying with cerulean brows. "Really, it was like an acid dream!"

For Diane Kendal, the makeup artist who created the stunning image you see on page 112, the graphic eye is intended to evoke rather a different reverie—the mysterious power of a fierce take-no-prisoners aesthetic. Kendal, whose work this season included the rough rock princesses at Alexander Wang and the rather more refined bad girls at Proenza Schouler, explains that this bluest eye is meant to be "sophisticated—not street." Then she laughs. "It's very in-your-face, so to speak!"—LYNN YAEGER

BEAUTY > 120

Health

POLISH POLICE

Sandal season got off to a slightly wobbly start when a recent report linked common nail-polish ingredients to health risks in salon workers. While a weekly manicure-pedicure is far less likely to endanger customers, cosmetics companies are rolling out an array of products for those who want to limit their chemical exposure. Brands including Orly and Butter London offer "3-free" polishes, which contain no formaldehyde, dibutyl phthalate, and toluene. High-level exposure to this so-called toxic trio of chemicals is tied to cancer and reproductive issues. Five-free polishes, such as those by Zoya, RGB, Londontown, and Priti NYC, eschew two additional substances: formaldehyde resin and camphor, both known skin irritants. JACAVA London upped the ante with a new line of 9-free polishes that eliminate all five of the above as well as lead, parabens, ethyl tosylamide, and xylene, overexposure to which has been linked to harmful effects on respiratory and nervous systems, among others.

Still, bottles claiming "free" can contain varying amounts of other substances, according to Karl Palmer, chief of safer consumer products at the California Environmental Protection Agency's Department of Toxic Substances Control. Consumers interested in learning more can check the Environmental Working Group's Skin Deep Web site for a bottom-line verdict on each formula. Another consideration: Ventilation affects exposure levels, so it's not just *what's* in the polish but where it's applied. Find a salon with open windows, or do it yourself in the garden.—ELIZABETH SVOBODA

SHADES OF GREEN

MORE AND MORE COMPANIES ARE OFFERING FORMULAS THAT ARE FREE OF CERTAIN CHEMICALS.



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Beauty

FLORAL NOTES
GARDEN ROSES, LAVENDER, GERANIUM LEAF, AND
OTHER CENTERPIECE FAVORITES HAVE INSPIRED
A NEW SUITE OF FLORIST-MADE CREATIONS.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY GRANT CORNETT.

Scent

Branching Out

Meet four trailblazing florists
bringing together the flower market
and the fragrance counter.

Today, the word *bouquet* calls to mind bridal confections more visual than olfactory, but rewind a few centuries, to the Georgian and Victorian eras, and the nosegay—as the handheld floral sprays were charmingly known—was the de rigueur accessory for fashionable ladies (and quite a few gentlemen). After all, modern hygiene was still far in the distance, and sweet-smelling flowers, often jauntily pinned to a bodice or waistcoat, offered a twist on wearable perfume.

No one understands the allure of heady peonies or lilies of the valley better than those who spend their days weaving them into elaborate displays—even though, as Los Angeles florist Eric Buterbaugh explains, “it’s really hard to get any fragrant flowers anymore. They’ve bred the scent out of so many things.” No matter. He and a handful of compatriots from the floral realm are busily crafting intoxicating distractions of their own, in the form of garden-inspired perfumes, soaps, candles, and bath products. And, unlike their ephemeral blooms, these come with a long shelf life. **BEAUTY>127**

Advertisement



FACE TIME

It's no secret that noteworthy trendsetters often have the most radiant skin. Thankfully they are willing to reveal their must-know beauty habits. Fashion influencer and stylist Marina Muñoz and Été swimsuit designer Laura Poretzky-Garcia reveal the two key ingredients that help them maintain their flawless skin: Olay and their dermatologist.

Go inside the consultation as Marina and Laura ask their dermatologist, Dr. Elizabeth Hale, the question we're all wondering: How to get great skin and keep it?



MARINA
MUÑOZ

From her fresh face to her easygoing wardrobe, Marina exudes a tomboyish elegance. By the look of her skin, it's clear that she's serious about her beauty regimen. And as the working mother of two small children, she doesn't have the luxury of time on her hands.

"I loved the radiant glow I had when I was pregnant. Now that I'm busy being a mother, the Olay Regenerist Luminous Overnight Mask helps me achieve that glow every day."

—Marina



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MARINA: *I'm short on time, so I need to get real results from the few products I use.*

DR. HALE: One of the key ingredients in the **Olay Regenerist Luminous Overnight Mask** is niacinamide, i.e., Vitamin B3. It's non-irritating, so it's great for sensitive skin. It helps preserve the moisture barrier and acts as a natural skin brightener to improve the overall tone of your skin. I also think it's great because it contains glycerin, a humectant and key ingredient that helps provide hydration and lock in moisture.

MARINA: *I need an easy fix, otherwise I have a difficult time staying consistent.*

DR. HALE: I firmly believe that the most important element to seeing results is patient compliance. If you're putting clients on a complicated regimen or asking them to consistently spend lots of money, chances are they will fall off their course.

I like the **Regenerist Luminous Overnight Mask** because you can leave it on overnight, and don't have to worry about timing it or rinsing it off.



**LAURA
PORETZKY-GARCIA**

Raised between Paris, Rio de Janeiro, and New York City, Laura beams international influence wherever she goes, priming her for her position as creative director of Été Swim. For Laura, the changing seasons and frequent travel can get in the way of her complexion.

LAURA: *My business and family are priorities, but so is my skin. How can I slow the aging that comes with maturing?*

DR. HALE: **Olay Regenerist**

Micro-Sculpting Cream is a fantastic solution and can even be a great alternative to having a procedure. For one, it contains antioxidants to help fight free radicals that attack our skin during the day. It also contains Pal-KTTKS, a fragment of a collagen molecule that decreases the appearance of fine lines and wrinkles.

The cream also includes Olivem, a moisturizing formula derived from olive oil, which decreases the look of lines, and Lys'lastine, a natural extract of dill seeds that improves hydration and elasticity.



 **Olay**



"I have high standards for fashion, and the same goes for my beauty regimen. Olay Regenerist Micro-Sculpting Cream makes my skin feel hydrated, and it absorbs quickly so my skin never feels oily."

—Laura

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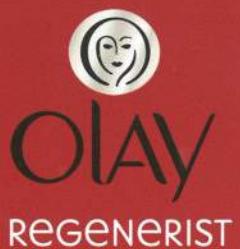
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Scent **Beauty**



SCENT OF A WOMAN
RIGHT: ROYAL BOTANICALS' THOUSAND ROSE BATH SOAK. BELOW: JESSICA CHASTAIN, PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ, WITH FLOWERS BY ARIEL DEARIE. VOGUE, 2013.



LUSH LIFE
FROM FAR RIGHT: FLOWERING BRANCHES AND A MOSS-BLANKETED TABLE AT THE PARIS DEBUT OF GRANDIFLORA'S SANDRINE FRAGRANCE; THE LINE'S SECOND PERFUME, MICHEL.



IN FULL BLOOM
FROM RIGHT: ERIC BUTERBAUGH'S CELESTIAL JASMINE PERFUME; FOX FODDER FARM'S SUMMER CANDLE AND FLORAL STUDY.



Eric Buterbaugh, Eric Buterbaugh Florals
L.A.'s florist-about-town supplies opulent arrangements for Chanel dinners, Oscar parties, and private clients like Demi Moore and Tom Ford. For Buterbaugh's namesake fragrance collection, he singled out seven flowers—violet, hyacinth, tuberose, lily of the valley, lavender, jasmine, and rose—and translated them, with the help of master noses, into subtly layered perfumes. "They're luxurious but not precious," he says. The weighty etched-crystal vessels, designed after vintage decanters, are the centerpiece of his new perfumery-cum-gallery in West Hollywood. ebflorals.com.

Ariel Dearie, Royal Botanicals

Based in Brooklyn, Dearie is known for her poetic arrangements (Marc Jacobs is a weekly client), her floral styling for photographers Steven Meisel and Annie Leibovitz, and a line of handmade salt soaks called Royal Botanicals. "I really love the ritual of baths," she says, recalling her seven-foot-long claw-foot tub in a former apartment. Standout blends include one perfumed with geranium leaves ("They leave an amazing scent on your hands"), and her original bergamot, stocked in the minibars at New York's NoMad Hotel. arieldearieflowers.com.

Saskia Havekes, Grandiflora

Outside Grandiflora's studio in Sydney, a stately magnolia *grandiflora* tree blooms each spring. "I never tire of it," says Havekes, who launched her fragrance line with two interpretations (each named for its French perfumer): Sandrine, when the flower is cracking open, and Michel, when it's fully blown. Grandiflora's third scent, Stephanotis—after the waxy Madagascan jasmine—debuts next month, along with a pair of candles produced by Cire Trudon. grandiflora.net.

Taylor Patterson, Fox Fodder Farm

Patterson's floral and landscape-design studio in Brooklyn is a go-to resource among fashion's creative set: She styled the arrangements for jewelry designer Pamela Love's wedding and has worked with brands like Aesop and Shinola; next month, she hosts a pop-up flower market in Paris at Le Bon Marché. Working with a local perfumer, she developed two oil blends—Wood ("like sawdust mixed with hay, a very nostalgic scent for me") and Flower (rose with vetiver)—used in her soaps. She also just launched a rosewood-laced candle, Summer, and a nourishing balm perfect for gardeners' weathered hands. foxfodderfarm.com.—LAURA REGENSDORF

High ROLLERS

Amid the current craze for foam props, Courtney Rubin asks, can they really make you long and lean—or is that a bit of a stretch?

Time to roll up the yoga mat? These days, those of us who dream of long, lean physiques are turning to—or rather, rocking over—foam rollers. Formerly the province of physical therapists rehabbing injuries, the noodle-shaped props have broken out of the treatment room to become a fitness obsession. Rolling key areas of the body such as hamstrings or hips back and forth for as little as a minute releases fascia—the connective tissue that webs through our muscles and contracts to produce stiffness and pain. Lose the kinks, the thinking goes, and you will improve body function and lengthen muscles, too.

In Santa Monica, fascia-and-alignment specialist Lauren Roxburgh's foam-rolling method is designed to redistribute bulk—her clients, who include Devon Aoki and Gwyneth

FOAM FIXATION
FANS CREDIT ROLLING SESSIONS
WITH ENHANCED PERFORMANCE—
AND WHITLED WAISTLINES.

Paltrow, say the elongating effects of six months of biweekly \$495 sessions can help trim their waists. Rolling is also beloved for its performance-enhancing properties. "I recommend foam rolling over static stretching, especially prior to activity," says Nina Figueroa, owner of Base Physical Therapy in Manhattan, where the majority of clients are assigned foam-rolling homework.

Fans include Tenoverten nail-salons cofounder Nadine Abramcyk. "It helps me exercise harder," she says. A former runner with a history of knee problems, the 36-year-old credits foam-rolling with getting her through Taryn Toomey's punishing Tribeca exercise classes. Makeup artist Gucci Westman has two rollers at home, one long, one short, to help her break up lactic acid before and after workouts. It can feel uncomfortable, she admits, "but it's a nice pain." □

Fruits of the Vine

Spa

Languorous late summers in Europe frequently owe a debt to local wine, and this year promises to be no different, with two new spas offering a twist on terroir. In Portugal's Douro Valley, Six Senses has opened a picturesque resort inside a nineteenth-century manor. Vineyard-focused treatments include the Complete Grape Rejuvenation—a head-to-toe service that entails gentle exfoliation using the pulped fruit and its nourishing seed oil, followed by a wine-soaked cloth wrap thought to stimulate cell renewal (sixsenses.com). Abadia Retuerta LeDomaine, a serene former monastery in northern Spain, has just added a skylit spa, cleverly built underground to preserve the wine-country vista; grapes turn up in a fragrant footbath as well as an invigorating body polish (ledomaine.es). Meanwhile, Caudalie—the French beauty line known for its grape-reliant skin care and vinotherapy spas—next month launches a four-product collection called Resveratrol Lift, which pairs the namesake antioxidant with hydrating micro-hyaluronic acid. Developed with David Sinclair, Ph.D., a Harvard Medical School genetics professor, the patent-pending combination helps stimulate collagen and elastin production. We'll toast to that.—LAURA REGENSDORF

A FINE VINTAGE

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people are talking about

EDITOR: VALERIE STEIKER



up next

Forever YOUNG

When I was young," says Bel Powley, now an antique 23, "there weren't any teenage girls I could relate to in film. They were all put in boxes: the virginal good girl, the really sarcastic asexual one. I wanted to do something that represented how I felt then." This month's *The Diary of a Teenage Girl* promises to launch the charismatic Powley just as *An Education* did Carey Mulligan. Minnie is a brainy, awkward fifteen-year-old in seventies San Francisco who initiates an affair with the 35-year-old boyfriend (Alexander Skarsgård) of her feckless mother (Kristen Wiig). It's an unsettling role, but Powley pulls us into its heady mix of confusion and libido. "Bel has this face you want to look at," says director Marielle Heller. "There's always something fascinating happening beneath the surface."

In person, Powley, wearing a nifty blue-and-white Rachel Comey blouse and blue Zara heels, is a confident, stylish Londoner (she lives in Kensal Rise). Having debuted in Polly Stenham's hit play *Tusk Tusk*, she hopes to continue in theater and film like Mulligan and Ruth Wilson, another favorite. In the meantime, her intense-eyed energy has landed her parts like Princess Margaret in Julian Jarrold's "very fun, very rompy" *A Royal Night Out* and Lord Byron's teenage lover in *A Storm in the Stars*. "I want to keep playing strong female roles," Powley says. "I don't mean superheroes, but women who are really alive." —JOHN POWERS

books

Short & SWEET

Émigrée, fashion writer, diplomat's wife, feminist icon:

The Brazilian modernist Clarice Lispector lived many lives, all of which influenced her short fiction. Finally available in English, **The Complete Stories** (New Directions), edited by Benjamin Moser and translated by Katrina Dodson, is an ideal introduction to this "female Chekhov on the beaches of Guanabara." Starting with "The Triumph," published when she was nineteen, these darkly shimmering fragments not only challenge our sense of modernism but add up to an unusually complete record of a woman's life. Holding a well-Windexed mirror close is Lucia Berlin, whose selected stories, **A Manual for Cleaning Women** (FSG), edited by Stephen Emerson and with an introduction by Lydia Davis, showcase a singular if unsung American voice. Berlin's peripatetic childhood—Alaska, Chile—was followed by a roving adulthood in the Southwest, where she married three times, raised four sons, and battled alcohol issues. An early story set at an elite girls' school recalls Muriel Spark; Berlin's later work (she died in 2004) summons a sense of life lived on a roll of the dice. "He came with roses, a bottle of brandy, and four tickets to Acapulco. I woke up the boys and we left." Set in New England, New York, and California, Ann Beattie's winning new collection, **The State We're In: Maine Stories** (Scribner), shines with local detail, but it's a trio of stories about a lonely teenager, Jocelyn, that possesses a deeper luster. Shipped off to her uncle's, she struggles with a summer writing class, and the effort to capture life's jagged magic. —MEGAN O'GRADY



art NOW You See It

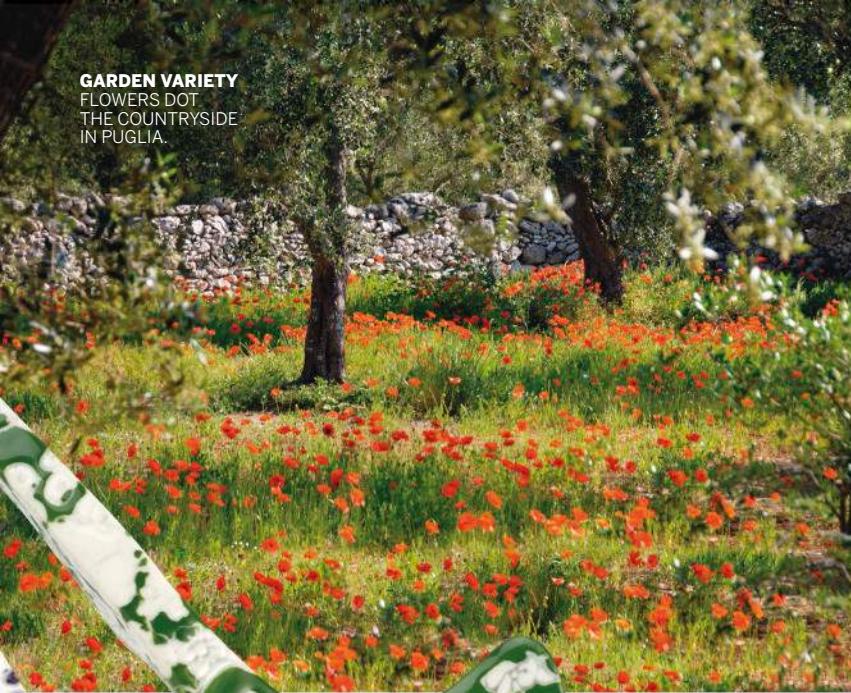
Tired of the "endless inadequacy with which women are fitted into the history of art," art historian Katy Siegel conceived of **The Heroine Paint: After Frankenthaler** (Gagosian/Rizzoli), which combines archival material and essays by the likes of Amy Sillman and Carroll Dunham to consider the possibility and worth of a feminine aesthetic from the 1950s to today. Though a reluctant poster child, Helen Frankenthaler was nonetheless the first major postwar woman artist, one whose gorgeous abstractions relied on a soft palette and thin, watery paint. "There was a confidence there from the beginning," Siegel says of

Frankenthaler's insistence that the decorative be taken seriously, which made room for ideas about art and the self that are still swirling. —KATE GUADAGNINO

FEMININE WILES
FRANKENTHALER'S
FLIRT, 1995.

POWLEY: RAF STAHELIN; SITTINGS: EDITOR: LAUREN HOWELL; HAIR: DENNIS GOTTS; MAKEUP: SABRINA BEDRANI. PHOTOGRAPHED AT AVALON HOTEL, BEVERLY HILLS; TRAVEL: THOMAS STANKIEWICZ/LOOK-OF.COM © GETTY IMAGES. MOVIES: SABRINA LANTOS © 2015 GRAVIER PRODUCTIONS, INC.; COURTESY OF SONY PICTURES CLASSICS. DESIGN: JOHN MANNINO. ART: HELEN FRANKENTHALER, *FLIRT*, 1995, ACRYLIC ON PAPER, 153.7 CM X 227.3 CM; © 2015 HELEN FRANKENTHALER FOUNDATION, INC. ARTISTS' RIGHTS SOCIETY (ARS), NEW YORK. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.

GARDEN VARIETY
FLOWERS DOT
THE COUNTRYSIDE
IN PUGLIA.



design
ACUT
Above

Wildflowers found on hikes through Seattle's Cascade mountains inspired **Dorotea** founder Carolina Silva, known for her colorful handmade ceramics, to pattern her latest collection of vases, dessert plates, and cake stands. Bursting with blooms, these pie servers are sure to be any picnic's pièce de résistance.

—REBECCA STADLEN

PIE DAY
DOROTEA WINDSWELL SERVERS,
\$14 EACH; ANTHROPOLOGIE.COM.

travel

COASTING Along

After a decade of being dubbed the next Tuscany, Puglia is buzzing as a crop of artists and aristocrats continue to turn country estates (*masserias*) into charming guesthouses and holiday homes. With the recent opening of the sixteen-suite **La Fiermontina**, in Lecce—known for its ornate cathedrals, cobblestone streets, and stately palazzi—there's a splendid place to stay in town, too. One of the hotel's historic buildings was updated by architect Antonio Annicchiarico (who has worked with the Guerrand-Hermès family) and a team of local artisans. A courtyard garden is studded with ancient olive trees and contemporary sculpture, while renovated stone interiors feature mid-century-modern pieces by Charlotte Perriand, which beckon after excursions to the white-sand beaches of the Adriatic. Rates from \$370; lafiermontina.com. —GISELA WILLIAMS



GIVE AND TAKE
EMMA STONE
AND JOAQUIN
PHOENIX STAR
IN WOODY
ALLEN'S LATEST.

movies

School of LIFE

A smash at Cannes (the French thought it a masterpiece), Woody Allen's *Irrational Man* is a crisp morality tale with the elegant inevitability of a mathematical proof. Joaquin Phoenix stars as Abe Lucas, a nicely weathered philosopher oppressed by life's meaninglessness. When he takes a job in an idyllic New England college town, he quickly becomes catnip to an unhappily married academic, Rita Richards (Parker Posey, terrific), and a student, Jill Pollard (Emma Stone, full of wholesome wit and radiance). A chance encounter leads him to ponder a "noble" crime that might rekindle his joie de vivre. But at what cost? You get a similar situation in Noah Baumbach's *Mistress America*, in which a brainy college freshman in New York (Lola Kirke) is bewitched by a frantically charming new friend (Greta Gerwig) who may be a bit, um, unreliable. But while Allen draws a line between innocence and guilt, Baumbach erases it. Boasting a canny performance from Kirke and an effervescent one from Gerwig, this romp cares less about right and wrong than about how much life one brings to the party.—J.P.

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August 2015

Day Dressing



YOU

When we asked four fashion editors to interpret day looks for fall, they came back with four distinct approaches. First up, Fashion Director TONNE GOODMAN works with drones, virtual-reality headsets, and selfie sticks to document the new long, lean, and lens-ready silhouettes. Photographed by Steven Klein.

WITH FLYING COLORS

An array of circles—like backlit dials on a control panel—glows with the aquamarine crispness of a high-definition screen. Filter, caption, post! Arizona Muse wears a Bottega Veneta wool dress (\$3,650) and pants (\$850); Bottega Veneta boutiques.

MOTHERBOARD

A loose pant under a graphic top is a striking ensemble from any angle. Calvin Klein Collection chenille-and-leather tunic and chenille pants (\$1,995); Calvin Klein Collection, NYC. Salvatore Ferragamo bag. Jimmy Choo heels. On son Nikko Muse: Polo Ralph Lauren Children's blazer. Gap Kids shirt. Oscar de la Renta pants.







VIEW FINDER

A patterned trouser-and-dress mix guarantees a snap worth buzzing about. Marni silk-and-wool dress (\$3,590), silk shirt (\$1,130), cotton-and-silk pants (\$1,630), and heels; Marni boutiques.

OFF THE WALL

When there's an aperture on every tablet, a sky-high hedge—and a strong graphic wardrobe in contrasting tones—is all that stands between you and viral infamy. Proenza Schouler crepe top (\$3,750) and embroidered pants; Proenza Schouler, NYC. Perez Sanz earrings and bracelet; Salvatore Ferragamo bag.





SELFIE SUFFICIENT

Few things lend themselves better to a private portrait session than throwback glasses and a retro geometric print. Loewe silk dress (\$2,850), leather pants, sunglasses, and belt; Loewe, Miami. Perez Sanz earrings. Jimmy Choo heels. Stella McCartney bag.

BEAUTY NOTE

Know your angles. Estée Lauder New Dimension Shape + Sculpt Face Kit includes everything you need for seamless contouring.







OVERHEAD COSTS

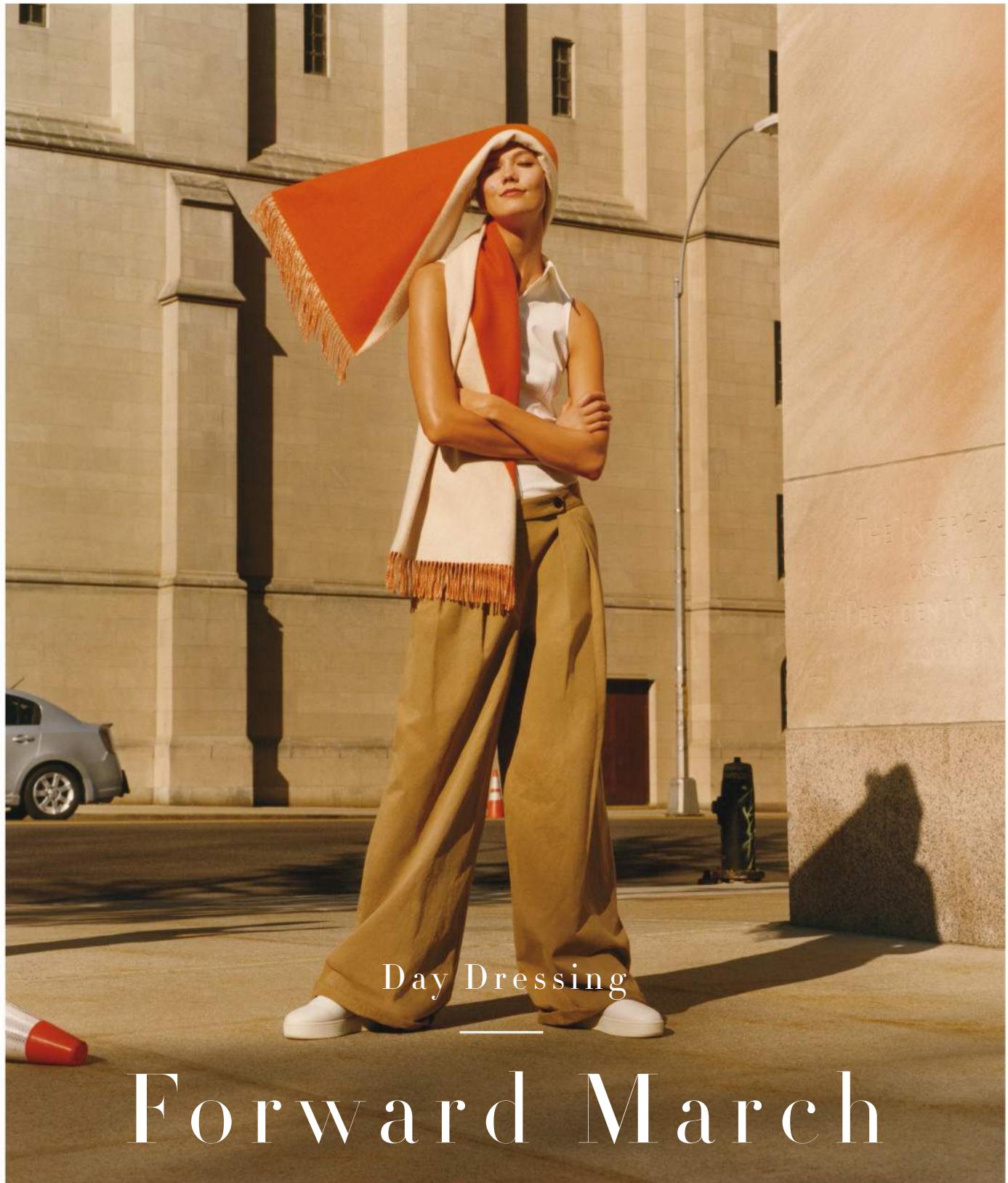
Squares of citrine-green and amethyst foliage complement a tunic-over-trouser look of equally sophisticated botanical prints. Giambattista Valli crepe dress (\$4,300) and pants (\$1,500). Dress at Neiman Marcus, L.A. Pants at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. Céline sunglasses.





VIRTUALLY SURREAL

Oceanic creatures add just the right dose of stylish, off-kilter juxtaposition. Stella McCartney wool dress (\$3,920) and trousers (\$1,055); Stella McCartney, NYC. Miu Miu slingbacks. On Nikko: Samsung Gear VR Innovator Edition for the Galaxy S6. In this story: hair, Shay Ashual for Wella Professionals; makeup, Diane Kendal. Produced by Marcus Ward at North Six. Set design, Jack Flanagan. House and garden designed by Sawyer/Berson, Southampton, NY. Details, see In This Issue.



Fashion editor CAMILLA NICKERSON, meanwhile, finds inspiration in military-centric pieces cut back to their bare bones—and then pumped up with new volumes and extensions of line. Photographed by Jamie Hawkesworth.

BIG TIME

Khakis, once derided as the official uniform of 1990s casual Fridays, are blowing up again—but this time in chic, avant-garde proportions. On model Karlie Kloss: Michael Kors Collection poplin sleeveless shirt, \$395; select Michael Kors stores. Dries Van Noten pants, \$490; Barneys New York, NYC. Hermès cashmere stole. Céline platform sneakers.

OFF DUTY

Though the peacoat has obvious naval associations, this softer, broken-down version is both embraceable and utterly nonaggressive. Fendi camel-hair peacoat, \$3,700; Fendi, NYC. Uniqlo shirt. Van Cleef & Arpels diamond clips. Judy Blame safety-pin brooch. Details, see In This Issue.





COOLING TREND

Come the October chill, even urban minimalists want to get a bit cozy. This clingy sweaterdress strikes that perfect balance between warm, comfy, and smart. Michael Kors Collection cashmere dress (\$2,295) and fur muffler; select Michael Kors stores.

THE NEW MATH

Clean lines intersect, forming angular geometries—and adding up, oddly, to a plush, comfortable kind of élan. Céline cashmere top, leather skirt, and satin skirt (\$980); Céline, NYC. Eytys sneakers. Irene Gandy Furs by Mr. Pete fox-fur muff. Details, see In This Issue.

BEAUTY NOTE

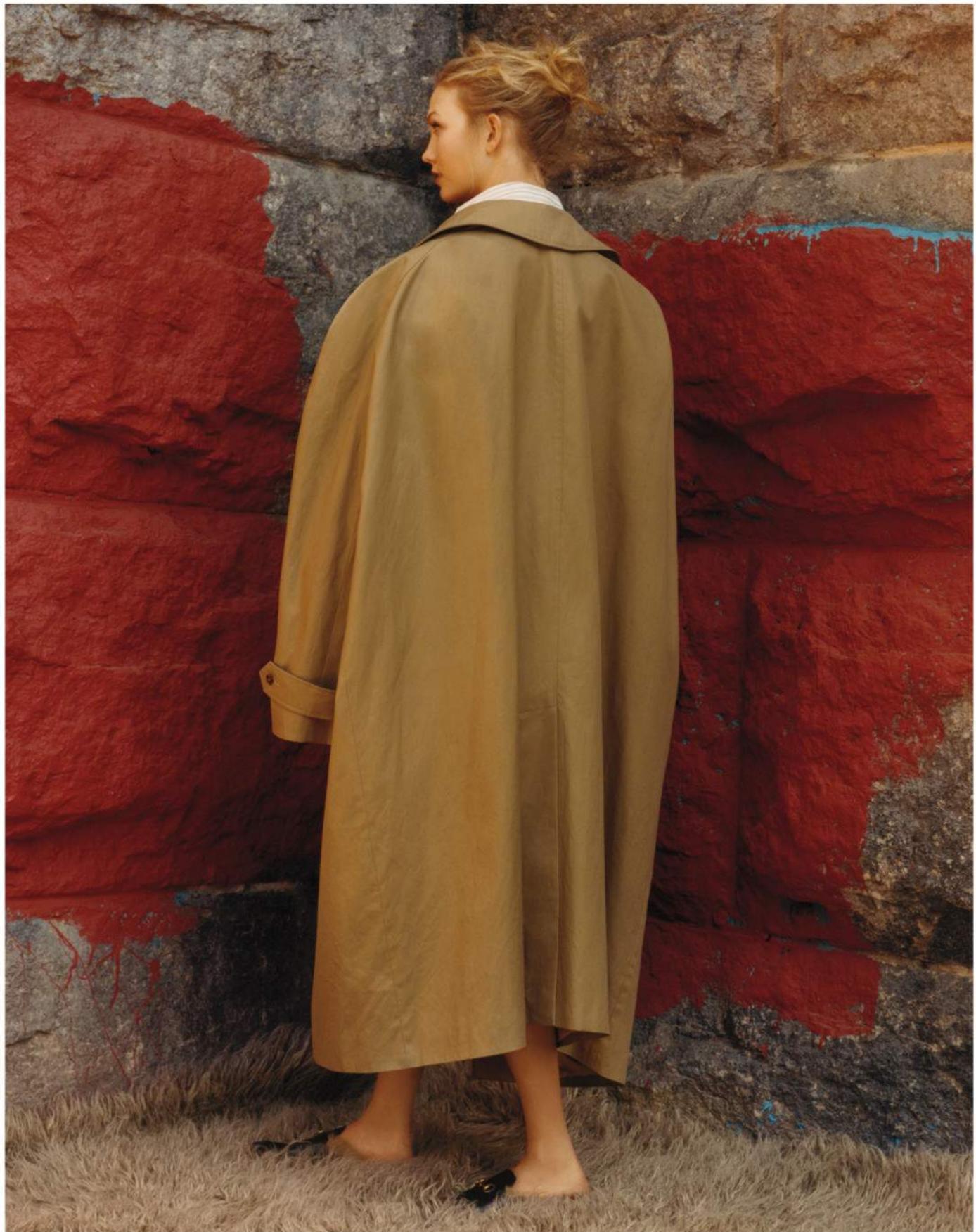
Create a perpetual soft-focus glow. L'Oréal Paris Youth Code Pore Vanisher smooths skin and delivers a shine-free finish.



A CALL TO ARMS

Here the regimented spiffiness of camel hair is contrasted with the gossamer softness of silver fox. Marni fur-trimmed coat and skirt (\$4,580). Coat at Carla Martinengo, Dallas; skirt at Marni boutiques. Max Mara wool-and-mohair sweater, \$495; Max Mara, NYC. Judy Blame clip.





OVER THE TOP

This cocooning, outsize khaki trench sums up the concept of the demilitarized military uniform: Precise and functional, yes, but sinuous and sensual—absolutely. Vetements trench coat (\$2,690) and shirt; Dover Street Market New York.

Gucci leather-and-fur slippers. In this story: hair, Duffy for Vidal Sassoon; makeup, Hannah Murray.

Set design, Piers Hammer. Produced by Marcus Ward for North Six. Details, see In This Issue.



HOPELESSLY DEVOTED

As seen on model Liya Kebede (with actor Michael B. Jordan, who stars this month in *Fantastic Four*), sweet touches—a high neckline, white dentelle lace—can look very sophisticated. Rodarte cashmere sweater and silk-georgette blouse; shopbop.com. Nina Ricci lace skirt, \$1,250; Ikram, Chicago. Roberto Cavalli boots. Details, see In This Issue.



Day Dressing

Heart & Soul

Peter Pan collars, pussycat bows, velvet, tweed, and flowers?

This fall, as fashion editor TABITHA SIMMONS shows us, born romantics are getting just what they desire as designers deliver artfully crafted florals and frills.

Photographed by Patrick Demarchelier.

OPPOSITES ATTRACT

Many of these soft-focus pieces use black and white as counterpoints. Sportmax sleeveless neoprene top (\$765) and skirt (\$825); Sportmax, NYC. Roberto Cavalli crepe-de-Chine ruffled blouse, \$3,000; Roberto Cavalli stores. Hermès bag.



© MENASHE KADISHMAN; MENASHE KADISHMAN, SUSPENDED, 1977, WEATHERING STEEL, 23 X 33' X 48'; KADISHMAN.COM; © STORM KING ART CENTER, MOUNTAINVILLE, NEW YORK.



TRUE ROMANCE

Fall also boasts the return of the poet-like sleeve, with swishy ruffles on wrists, from Cavalli to McQueen. Alexander McQueen silk tiered dress; Alexander McQueen, NYC. Anabel Higgins necklace. On Jordan: Dolce & Gabbana Alta Sartoria suit (throughout). Details, see In This Issue.

BEAUTY NOTE

A perfect match makes everything look easy. L'Oréal Paris Youth Code Skin Illuminator adjusts to your complexion for an immediate light-reflecting glow.



LOVER'S KNOT

Bows—whether tied at the neck or the waist—are about to have a big moment.

Oscar de la Renta silk-georgette blouse (\$2,190) and tweed skirt (\$1,190); Oscar de la Renta boutiques. Elizabeth Locke ring. Nicholas Kirkwood for Erdem ankle boots. On Jordan: Dolce & Gabbana Alta Sartoria suit and shoes.

BE MINE

Crochet sets a handmade, just-for-you mood. Alberta Ferretti organza dress (\$4,790) and lace-trimmed blouse (\$1,390); Alberta Ferretti, L.A. In this story: hair, David von Cannon; makeup, Gucci Westman. Menswear Editor: Michael Philouze. Photographed on location at Storm King Art Center. Details, see In This Issue.

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN, ADONA, 1970-71 (REFABRICATED 2000) STEEL, 29' 6" X 63' X 52' 8". GIFT OF THE RALPH E. OGDEN FOUNDATION. © THE ALEXANDER LIBERMAN TRUST. © STORM KING ART CENTER, MOUNTAINVILLE, NEW YORK.





THE BURCH-Y BUNCH

Tory (in Tory Sport) with her three sons, three stepdaughters, and models Edita Vilkeviciute (with basketball) and Hilary Rhoda (with surfboard) in her Southampton home. Details, see In This Issue.

Fashion Editor:
Sara Moonves.



Fashion's most charming empire builder, Tory Burch, talks to Rob Haskell about her new sport line, the man in her life, and why *ambition* isn't a dirty word. Photographed by Bruce Weber.

To those hoping to decipher Tory Burch through two decades of photographic tea leaves—her avian frame tucked into a meticulous evening gown, her narrow neck ringed in gems—or who feel they know her from the nostalgic-steeped, ladylike, just-bohemian-enough clothing line she helms, it may come as something of a surprise to learn that she is, at her core, a jock.

But if you grew up with Tory on Philadelphia's Main Line, where as the captain of the varsity tennis team at the Agnes Irwin School for girls she had a two-handed topspin backhand that was a kill shot, or if you have played at her garden court in Southampton, Long Island, steps away from the Jazz Age neo-Georgian mansion where she spends summer weekends, then you already know that Tory plays to win.

She laughs gently. "I don't think I'm competitive," she says. It's the end of a long day that began, as most do for Tory Burch, at 5:30 A.M., and as she sinks into a plump sofa in the pea-green drawing room of her home in the Pierre hotel and squeezes a tiger-striped velvet cushion between her knees, she lobs the ball back at me. "Do you think I'm competitive?"

For Tory to admit to taking pleasure in winning would be to abandon the decorous reserve that is as essential to her character as the gold medallion is to her iconic Reva ballet flats. It's hard to empire-build politely, but she has managed it, delivering one of the world's most successful fashion brands, now valued at around \$3.5 billion, in little more than a decade. "The initial concept was pretty simple," she explains. "How do we make beautiful, evocative things that don't cost a fortune? But it's a complete surprise to me that it's become what it is. And being the face of the company is a superhard thing for me. I'm not a big believer in signs, but there's this Gemini dichotomy: Although I'm a shy person, I think I've always been attracted to risk. If I'm not taking chances, if I'm not a little bit out of my comfort zone, I get bored."

Next month, testifying to that restless imagination, she launches a new brand called Tory Sport, a collection of stylish tennis ensembles, sleek tracksuits, surfwear, golfwear, and all manner of avant- and après-sport clothes. During New York Fashion Week, her original store on Elizabeth Street in downtown Manhattan will become a Tory Sport pop-up shop; the first stand-alone store, on Fifth Avenue, will open a few months later. Two years in the making, the line is perhaps an inevitable expression of its designer's lifelong passion for the sporting life. "Tory isn't this living doll," her old friend Marjorie Gubelmann says. "That image of her next to a vase of hydrangeas—that's her brand, and people are inspired by that. But she's that mom who goes bonefishing in the Bahamas with her kids. All summer long, literally, her hair is wet."

Of course, *athleisure* has lately become a fashion buzzword, a term intended to embrace the kind of clothing that a woman might be able to wear at work, to the gym, and then to dinner. "This didn't feel like a trend to me," Tory says of the moment when she noticed that her friends in London were wearing yoga pants with a smart blazer to Cipriani for lunch. "It really seemed like a change in the way women were dressing." The trouble was, she didn't like the look of those yoga pants, or much of anything else she found at the gym shops. "I started to think, How do we make this stuff chic

again? What a lot of sports brands miss is femininity, unless it's a garish femininity in the form of exposed body parts and neon colors. I was thinking more *The Royal Tenenbaums*."

Just as she had plumbed her mother's closets for the original Tory Burch collection, with its peripatetic 1960s glamour somehow redolent of Palm Beach, Mustique, and Marrakech all at once, this time she combed through the sweat styles of a bygone era—think David Niven and Claudia Cardinale on the slopes of Cortina d'Ampezzo, or Björn Borg at Roland-Garros circa 1975—whose glamour had long since drowned in a sea of black Lycra. "The good stuff just seemed to have disappeared," she says. "To go running, I was still wearing the same shorts I have from college."

A European fashion executive recently told me that when it's time to staff a major label, he aims to create an artificial Tory Burch, to find a dozen people to fill the diverse roles that she manages on her own. It's no secret that Tory is among the most tireless and hands-on CEOs in the business. "She inspires her team without making a big song and dance about it," says Net-a-Porter founder Natalie Massenet. "She just does it and delivers results." On a recent Thursday morning in her offices on West Nineteenth Street—appointed in orange and brown lacquers, with the requisite smattering of gold leaf, Lucite, and mirror; a ginger jar here, an Indian print there—Tory is, as always, everywhere at once. At a meeting with the company's president, Brigitte Kleine, she mulls over locations for a boutique in Ginza while nursing a red Blow Pop (it's Employee Appreciation Week, and candy is everywhere), then leaps up to take her mother to a doctor's appointment.

Back an hour later, she reviews composite stones from Jaipur, suggests adding iridescent Lurex yarn to an oatmeal sweater, and proposes barrettes in lilac tulle at a ready-to-wear design meeting for the main line. She runs upstairs for a visit with an executive from the U.S. Olympic Committee (dressing athletes may be in her future), then down again to supervise the shoot of the Tory Sport lookbook. "Can we get the lighting to feel like a Rineke Dijkstra photo?" she asks the team, passing out coconut ice pops. All around the room, clothing racks are hung with tracksuits, bombers, and piqué polos. There's a neoprene wet suit with floral side panels, a ponte blazer with a zip-out hood, pull-on dresses with tunic necklines, and oversize sweaters in cashmere that, she swears, breathes. Bags have compartments for water bottles and sunscreen, and sneakers are encrusted in navy-blue pearls. Tory waxes lyrical about bonding and seam-sealing, windproofing and waterproofing, and indeed stealth functionality is everywhere—interior zip pockets, reflective piping, UPF fabrics. The styles skew old-school, but the technology is state-of-the-art.

Marina Rust, among the first in Tory's close circle to pass her fingers through the collection, was drawn to a red anorak. "That jacket," she says, "and these perfectly fitted navy leggings. They made even me, a nonathlete, want to exercise."

1. An arrangement of delphiniums in antique Chinese vases.
2. Tory with, FROM LEFT, Nick, Pookie, Sawyer, Louisa, Izzie, and Henry. **3.** A heartfelt tableau chez Burch. **4.** Rhoda at play with Izzie and the boys. **5.** The garden allée of rhododendron. **6.** Pookie, Izzie, Louisa, and models Vilkeviciute and Rhoda strike a pose. **7.** Tory in a top of her own design. **8.** Henry with Vilkeviciute and Rhoda. **9.** Louisa with her French bulldog, Wilbur. Details, see In This Issue.



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FLOWER POWER

Vilkeviciute in a
Tory Burch silk
shirt (\$350) and
carpenter pants
(\$325); Tory
Burch stores.
Lola hat. Robert
Clergerie sandals.



GOING FOR GOLD

Rhoda in a Tory Sport rashguard (\$175) and Tory Burch carpenter pants (\$225). Shinola watch. Yestadt hat.

Dries Van Noten sandals. In this story:

hair, Didier Malige; makeup, Aaron de Mey. Produced by

Dawn Boller for Little Bear. Details, see In This Issue.



And the tracksuits with tapered or flared legs, blue or cream with gold racing stripes, may well spark a frenzy this fall. Gigi Mortimer, an old friend who also consults for the main line, told me that an old navy-and-white cross-country ski suit with a narrow silhouette, which she had found in the closet of her mother-in-law, Kathleen Mortimer, in Sun Valley, had served as a jumping-off point for those suits and for the Tory Sport collection generally. "I never want things to be too vintage-y," Tory says, "but imagine that perfect ski sweater that you see in a thrift shop but don't buy because it's too itchy or it's all polyester. I thought, If we could make things superfunctional but still think about style and history, give them a beautiful feel in the hand, and maybe make them a bit preppy—that would be something different."

At the University of Pennsylvania, where she majored in art history, Tory's friends liked to call her a "prock": part prep, part jock. She drove a beat-up black Jeep Wagoneer with wooden side panels, wearing clogs, shorts, a turtleneck, and Chanel pearl earrings. She paired tie-dyed T-shirts with Hermès scarves and mixed L.L. Bean Boots with Emilio Pucci and Zoran. Her closet was filled with her father's sweaters. "Many of the things I see in her stores are reminiscent of the stuff she wore in college," says Hayley Boesky, her roommate at Penn. "She had a chic, even then, that was effortless."

Tory grew up riding horses and banging tennis balls with her three brothers on a farm in Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, where her parents had moved to escape the country-club culture of Bryn Mawr and Haverford. Despite their self-imposed rustication, Tory's parents were among the nattier folks around Philadelphia. Her mother, Reva, an actress who had dated Steve McQueen and Marlon Brando, bought dresses in New York from Norman Norell. Buddy Robinson, Tory's late father, had inherited a paper-cup fortune and passed his time reading, doing needlepoint, and touring his property on a tractor (though he also held a seat on the New York Stock Exchange). "As a kid I never knew what to write on those questionnaires that asked what your father does," she recalls. He was unfailingly dapper, lining his dinner jackets with Hermès scarves and sending his black-tie shirts to be embroidered with blue flowers that matched his sapphire cuff links.

After college, Tory worked at a series of New York fashion jobs: assistant at Zoran, junior editor at *Harper's Bazaar*, PR and advertising at Ralph Lauren, Vera Wang, and LVMH during Narciso Rodriguez's tenure at Loewe.

A first marriage, to the real estate scion Billy Macklowe, ended after six months. By 2001, she was married to the entrepreneur Chris Burch, had three young sons, and was stepmother to Chris's three daughters. She was also an increasingly visible presence in the uptown social swirl, and it might have appeared that this soft-spoken and perfectly turned-out young woman from Philadelphia wanted nothing more than to settle into the role of a rich Upper East Side wife. But Tory had other ideas.

"The truth is, I was a bit removed, a bit of an outsider, and I liked that feeling," she says. "I still feel like that—with the uptown tribe and the fashion tribe. It's like I'm in it but also an observer of it." She recalls the first article about her, in 2004 in *The New York Times*. "I told the writer that the word *ambitious* bothered me. And a friend of mine called me up after that and said, 'You should never shy away from that word.' That got me thinking. Why would women reject the idea of ambition? Well, because it's a word that's often used negatively to describe women. But that's a cruel double standard. So now I have no problem saying I'm ambitious."

The business was a juggernaut, quite a spectacular feat for a woman with no design background, who did not go to Parsons or grow up creating mood boards in her bedroom. What Tory had instead was an unteachable talent for divining the wishes of her customer. "She thinks like them," says Leonard Lauder, who is the licensing partner for her fragrance. But as the business started booming, Tory's marriage began to unravel. It was a messy ordeal, gleefully observed by the press: Chris, an investor in his wife's company and a member of the board of trustees, launched a brand of his own called C. Wonder, widely regarded

as a meretricious facsimile of Tory Burch. While still on the board, he sued his fellow trustees personally.

"The hardest thing was protecting my children and his," Tory recalls of that time. "It was like, your father is suing your stepmother, whom you love? But weirdly, I have no ill feelings for Chris. He's a complex person. My children love their dad, and he loves them, and that's how I want it."

In 2006, Lance Armstrong called Tory out of the blue. They had a first date in Los Angeles and ended up together for a year. "It was fun," she says. "He was a nice person and a great dad. We never talked about the doping thing, not once. He wasn't cycling when we were dating, so it was never a part of the conversation. At that time he was very focused on his foundation." Next she dated Lyor Cohen, the former chairman of Warner Music Group and a key



THIS SPORTING LIFE
An ensemble of a Tory Sport rashguard, lacrosse stick, antique stirrup cups, and peonies.

figure in the mainstreaming of rap and hip-hop. (Tory is a music junkie with a passion for rap; Tupac Shakur is a particular favorite.) Judging from paparazzi pictures of the period, it looked like Tory had added Jay Z and Beyoncé to her dance card. “When I did go out, it was often with Lyor’s music crowd, but the truth is that I was going through hell with the lawsuit, and I completely withdrew. I went to the Grammys with Lyor a couple of times, and that was fun, but the only place I really wanted to be was home with my kids.”

A few years ago, Tory met Pierre-Yves Roussel, the CEO of LVMH Fashion Group, at a breakfast at the Ritz in Paris arranged by a pair of bankers who thought the two might like to make a deal. Though no business came out of that meeting, the two discovered they had a lot in common: Each has three sons; he too had a stint in Philadelphia, at Wharton. But it wasn’t until May of 2014 that they became a couple. He is, Tory says, the love of her life.

“I used to look at my parents and see this amazing love affair that lasted 47 years, until my dad died, and I never thought it would happen for me,” she says. “And now it has.”

At 7:00 P.M., Tory dashes into her office to touch up her makeup before dinner. She wears an ocher cashmere sweater over a creamy Bill Blass skirt, with suede platforms, her grandmother’s diamond-and-pearl earrings and a violet Verdura cocktail ring the size of a small planet. The dinner honors Malala Yousafzai, the eighteen-year-old Nobel Peace Prize laureate whose advocacy for the right to education for girls and women dovetails neatly with Tory’s own philanthropic interests. She sits on numerous boards, including those of the Memorial Sloan Kettering Cancer Center, the

Breast Cancer Research Foundation, the Barnes Foundation, and the Riverdale Country School, where her twins, Henry and Nicholas, are entering their senior year. She knows how to put glamour to the service of a serious cause, such as the Youth Anxiety Center at New York-Presbyterian, for which she hosted a dinner this spring. (“I was anxious in college,” she says.) But her main focus is the Tory Burch Foundation, which provides women entrepreneurs access to capital, education, and networking opportunities. “We look at that moment after start-up, where women entrepreneurs, who are often single mothers with multiple jobs, have trouble getting loans and building their businesses,” she explains. “A success for me is when a woman hires another employee.”

Counting her recently opened Paris flagship, Tory now has 160 boutiques around the world, with Santiago, Cairo,

and Prague on the way. She is now, according to *Forbes*, a billionaire. “Tory is not one of those people who’ve been changed by success,” says her friend Jamie Tisch, who sits on the board of the Tory Burch Foundation. “But one thing that has changed is her visibility. I think she’d like to use it to create a legacy that has nothing to do with pretty clothes.”

Tory returns from dinner at around 10:30 to find her three sons—Henry and Nicholas, age seventeen, and Sawyer, fourteen—gathered around the marble island in the kitchen, eating Rice Krispie treats emblazoned with their mother’s visage, a gag birthday gift from a friend. (Tory celebrates a very big birthday next year. “Do we have to say what it is?” she asked me. Well, not in so many words.) The boys’ bruiser builds—the bequest of their father—believe their exquisite manners. Tory reluctantly allows them to go for a midnight hamburger at P.J. Clarke’s.

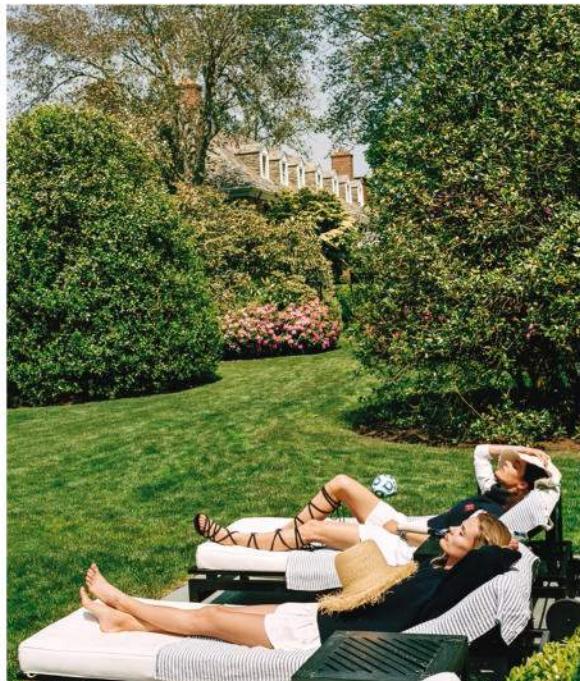
“I’m the strictest mom in New York,” she says. “Ask my boys.”

Nicholas nods in agreement. “Not really,” counters Henry. “I’ve seen worse.”

Her stepdaughter Louisa is there, too. Despite the bitter denouement with Chris, Tory is as close as ever to his three girls. When I ask Louisa if there’s anything that *Vogue* readers might be surprised to learn about her stepmother, she mentions her sense of humor: subtle, mischievous, occasionally veering toward bawdiness. “We often have to scold her for being inappropriate,” Louisa says. She loves a prank, as when she had her PR operatives email the company to announce her plans to compete on *Dancing with the Stars*. As the design team began to sketch out fits, the top brass sat her down and begged her to reconsider. Only then did she crack a smile.

Last Christmas, on holiday in Mustique with her children, Tory popped over to Antigua to investigate a house that had belonged to Bunny Mellon but had been empty and on the market for years. A pink, vaguely colonial dwelling, it needed a complete overhaul but bewitched in the way Bunny Mellon houses do. “She left a lot of her furniture and objects,” Tory recalls, “some crumbling paintings, old wicker, and blue-and-white china, which I collect. It was so shabby but so perfect.”

Once again, the patina of yesteryear cast a spell. “The house, the way I envision it, will be simple,” she says. “It will be about sailing, golf, tennis, beach, and family.” The trade winds are sure to tempt Pierre-Yves, a gifted sailor who is no less deft on horseback or holding a tennis racket. He is happy to serve as Tory’s doubles partner. “She’s tough,” he says. “I’d rather play with her than against her.” □



BASKING SHARP

The models, in Tory Sport, relax on the pool lawn. Details, see In This Issue.



SUGAR AND SPICE

The girlishness of the collar and the prim, boxy bag is subverted by the edginess of shoulder-to-toe leather. Model Maggie Rizer wears a Calvin Klein Collection leather sheath dress (\$2,195) and thigh-high stretch-leather boots; Calvin Klein Collection, NYC. Prada silk shirt (\$740), mohair sweater (\$590), leather gloves, and ostrich bag; select Prada boutiques.

LOVE ME, DO

For Vuitton, Nicolas Ghesquière adds Beatle boots, a slouchy ribbed crewneck, and a dangling chain belt to the elegant familiarity of a pencil skirt. Louis Vuitton sweater, embroidered skirt, belt, and boots; select Louis Vuitton boutiques. Details, see In This Issue.



Day Dressing

Let's Misbehave

GRACE CODDINGTON, our Creative Director, champions a lady, yes—but one with a percolating sense of mischief. The shapes may be genteel, but the off-kilter flourishes—chartreuse leather gloves, a festoon of daisies—add a chic twist to the traditional. Photographed by Inez and Vinoodh.



SHINING ARMOR

Splashes of plastic, patent, and vinyl turned up on lots of fall runways, adding a slick punk note to the ladylike decorum of retro-influenced skirt suits. Marc Jacobs wool-crepe cropped jacket (\$3,400), A-line skirt (\$3,200), gloves, bag, and python boots; Marc Jacobs stores.

**SHE'S A
RAINBOW**

Sugary pastels, when recklessly combined, signal not naïveté but a free spirit. Prada bubble gum-pink double-jersey pea jacket (\$2,340), silk shirt (\$830), sorbet-orange double jersey pants (\$890), gray bag, and teal shoes; select Prada boutiques. Details, see In This Issue.

BEAUTY NOTE
John Frieda Colour Refreshing Gloss for Warm Reds adds luster and oomph to both natural and bottle-red hair.



A DIFFERENT DRUMMER

There are echoes of the Carnaby Street beat here, too, from the Pop Art flower necklace to the oversize mod buttons. Miu Miu python-trimmed wool dress, necklace, bag, and shoes; select Miu Miu boutiques.





CHERRY BOMB

It takes a certain knack to choose which details add the perfect kind of left-of-center kick to your otherwise quite elegant wardrobe. Here, cherry-pink thigh boots are a frisky foil to a rigorously tailored autumn coat. Chanel tweed coatdress and belt; select Chanel boutiques. Dior stretch-patent leather boots. In this story: hair, Didier Malige; makeup, Dick Page for Shiseido. Set design by Viki Rutschviki for Exposure NY. Details, see In This Issue.

SPELLBOUND

Kidman—photographed in Morocco, where she filmed the Gertrude Bell biopic *Queen of the Desert*—will appear in no fewer than four films in coming months, not to mention starring in a London stage play and a series for HBO. Details, see In This Issue.

Fashion Editor:
Phyllis Posnick.





A

World Apart



With blissful quiet at home and a career taking flight, Nicole Kidman makes a ravishing turn as adventurer Gertrude Bell. By Jason Gay.

Before this story is over, there's a small but not impossible chance that either Nicole Kidman or I will injure an innocent stranger. I'm hoping this doesn't happen, even though it might be exciting for the story. It's more likely that one or both of us are going to hit a tree or smash a kitchen window. We are definitely going to cause minor damage to handsome green Bermuda grass. I am also pretty sure we have already frightened a handful of neighborhood squirrels.

It is a late-spring morning, and Kidman and I are on the front nine of the Hillwood Country Club, a handsome private idyll not far from Kidman's home in Nashville. If you haven't guessed by now, we are playing golf. We are both—how to put it—enthusiastic amateurs. "I'm a beginner," Kidman emphasizes. "It seems to be the right sport for me now." At the moment, Kidman's swing—coached by Hillwood's pro, Mike Lathrop—is pretty solid. Mine is not. Sometimes my swing looks respectable. Most of the time I look like Jim Carrey chasing someone with a fishing rod.

This is OK. In my time in Tennessee I have learned pretty quickly that Kidman—widely celebrated as a capital-*S* Serious Actress, one of the finest of her generation—does not take herself all that seriously. Kidman can make a joke, take a joke, huddle over the chances of the NFL Tennessee Titans, praise the genius of Southern fried grits, or discuss the parenting ritual of taking your kids to see the sugary

Photographed by Peter Lindbergh

Top 40 act Kidz Bop. ("Have you heard of Kidz Bop?" she asks. "That's where we were on Saturday night.") She may have that palpable star power and reputation for glamour—"An extraordinary actor who really stops a room when she comes in," says her friend Hugh Jackman—but there's not the slightest trace of actorly pretension. Jason Bateman, who directed and costarred with her in the upcoming *The Family Fang*, said he was surprised to see how removed the real-life Kidman was "from the regal and shy perception we all have of her. She's down-to-earth and completely human."

Kidman may be an icon with a country rock-star husband, Keith Urban, and of course there's that Academy Award for inhabiting Virginia Woolf in *The Hours*, but right now she's just another hacker trying to keep that irritating dimpled ball in the fairway. She's dressed in a white Nike outfit and a pair of pink-and-white shoes, and the only evidence that a real-life movie star is on the course is the tag on her club bag that reads, uh, NICOLE KIDMAN. There's also the fact that every now and then, you hear a swing and a whoosh followed by a yelp in an Aussie accent.

"Awww naawwww," Kidman says, watching an iron shot trickle away.

But again: This is fun. There are worse ways to spend a spring morning in America than hacking away with Nicole Kidman.

My turn. Awww naawwww.

I was a little nervous at the prospect of meeting Kidman, I admit. I'd watched her in her latest film, *Queen of the Desert*, a romantic drama directed by Werner Herzog about Gertrude Bell, a real-life British emissary to the Middle East, and it was all so sumptuous and sweeping—desert sunlight and camels and gorgeous vistas, and Kidman's Bell was the most striking element in the frame. In fashion, Kidman is known for quiet perfection, whether in sequined Nina Ricci or in high-necked Valentino couture, and has long possessed "that luminous thing . . . it makes you shy, like you're talking too much," says John Cameron Mitchell, who directed her in 2010's *Rabbit Hole*. There is also this: Kidman has been a wildly famous superstar more than half of my life, from the time she leaped off screens in *Dead Calm* and *Days of Thunder* and married Tom Cruise. She's been through all the showbiz fires and corn mazes, and remained both professionally intact and even something of a public mystery. When I arrive at her and Urban's Nashville home, I assume there are going to be handlers upon handlers and probably a pair of publicists hovering above, suspended by wires. . . .

The door opens. "Hi, I'm Nicole," Kidman says.

No wires. No handlers. Instead, she has Starbucks.

We wind our way through the house, downstairs and around a corner into Urban's cozy recording studio, which sits on the first floor and looks out onto the family's backyard. Kidman, who is wearing a floral-print Michael Kors dress, takes a seat on a couch across from me and puts our coffees on coasters printed with mug shots of famous musicians—Frank Sinatra, Mick Jagger, a stoic David Bowie, busted for pot in Rochester, New York, in 1976.

Kidman straightens in her seat. "Can I just show you one thing?" she asks. She stands and guides me to a window.

"These are my roses," she says, pointing to a thick archway of flowers. "You have no idea . . . growing those roses in Tennessee . . . I sound like an old woman, but that is joy for me." Turns out, she is a dedicated gardener, growing lemons, plums, grapefruits, and apricots at her home in Australia and making jams and chutneys that she gives to friends.

Right now, she's all about these roses. "I bring my girls down here and say, 'Look!' and they're like, 'Ehhh . . . yeah.'"

Kidman and Urban's children, six-year-old Sunday Rose (goes by Sunny) and four-year-old Faith (goes by Fifi), are at school. Urban, who just wrapped a season as an *American Idol* judge, is up in New York to work with the disco/funk legend Nile Rodgers on a track for his own upcoming album.

As for Mama . . . well, Mama is busy. In the coming months, Kidman will launch back into the public eye with a flurry of wide-ranging and ambitious projects. Besides *Queen of the Desert*, there's *Secret in Their Eyes*, a thriller with Julia Roberts and Chiwetel Ejiofor, directed by Kidman's friend Billy Ray. There's *The Family Fang* with Bateman, which is based on a novel by a Tennessee writer named



LOOK HOMeward

In the upcoming drama *Genius*, Jude Law (pictured here on set) portrays writer Thomas Wolfe, who has an affair with his literary patron Aline Bernstein, played by Kidman.

Kevin Wilson, and *Genius*, a literary drama with Colin Firth and Jude Law, directed by Michael Grandage. And in the fall, Kidman will return to the stage in London's West End to star in *Photograph 51*, also directed by Grandage—her first play since her sensational late-nineties turn in *The Blue Room*.

"Keith and I always say, 'We're doing a play,' 'We're doing a tour,' because it is like that—the family has to do it together," Kidman says.

This is how they roll. Kidman and her children have joined Urban on his concert tours, family roadies on the bus, and the whole jamboree came along to Morocco for two and a half months while she was shooting *Queen of the Desert*. Urban flew back and forth depending on his schedule; the girls stayed and grew to love the bustle of Marrakech and the camels, horses, and lion cub on the set.

"It was an assault to their little world," Kidman says. "The smells, the tastes—everything is so different. By the end, they're in the souks haggling, holding snakes, in it."

I ask Kidman if her children like to watch their mother act. She laughs. "They come and sit on the set and go, 'Where are the snacks?'"

She prefers it this way. Here in Nashville there is space for her kids to be kids and for Kidman to be a mother and the morning school-carpool driver. Kidman bonded about this balance with Julia Roberts while shooting *Secret in Their Eyes*. She and Roberts broke into the business around the same time and met socially over the years but had never worked together.

"We share a similar sense of ourselves," Roberts says. "I have such a happy, excited feeling about my children, and I love to share stories, which can no doubt be nauseating at times, right? But Nicole is the same. We could just chatter away endlessly."

At 48, Kidman has already assembled one of the more diverse, impossible-to-pigeonhole careers in movies, one that has seen her hopscotch from blockbuster dramas to tiny independents to avant-garde. "The thing for me about Nicole is I can't quite classify her," says Billy Ray. Kidman has done big stuff you've seen; little stuff you may not have; and all the spaces in between. "She seems simply to do what interests her," says Colin Firth. "You could probably make any clip reel of her work at random and it would be dazzling."

Kidman says she was inspired by a lesson from the late Stanley Kubrick, with whom she became close while making his last film, 1999's *Eyes Wide Shut*: "He would say, 'Anyone who puts out an idea, you cannot say no,'" Kidman recalls. "'You have to wait 20 seconds before the word *no* comes out.'"

So she takes risks. She detours. Some of those detours work (re-

cently the family film *Paddington*, in which Kidman played a villainous taxidermist pursuing the wayward bear, grossed more than a quarter-billion worldwide). Other detours become, well, detours. (*Grace of Monaco*, a poorly received Grace Kelly biopic, went to the Lifetime TV network instead of theaters.) Still, Kidman remains committed to the edgy idea, to fresh storytellers. For all of her work with directorial heavies—Kubrick, Baz Luhrmann (*Moulin Rouge!*, *Australia*), Gus Van Sant (*To Die For*), Jane Campion (*The Portrait of a Lady*), and Lars von Trier (*Dogville*)—she's also rallied for newcomers like director Kim Farrant (who makes her feature debut with Kidman in the new drama *Strangerland*) or thrown her support behind innovative artists like Mitchell, the *Hedwig and the Angry Inch* sensation who came aboard *Rabbit Hole* after another director dropped out.

"She said, 'I go on instinct, John, and sometimes it gets me in trouble,'" recalls Mitchell. "But she still does it. A lot of people, if they do an independent film, it's, like, to get an

Oscar—that's the goal. As opposed to her goal: adventurous material."

Baz Luhrmann knows this side of Kidman well. "There are a lot of roles she could have pursued that may have been more obvious and less fearful," says the Australian director. "But Nicole's choices are always surprising. After all, agreeing to do *Moulin Rouge!* at the time was pretty much considered career suicide."

"I really think there's a journey to be had," Kidman says of the roles she's taken. "I suppose I kind of have this very spontaneous, nonstrategic [side], which is why I've had such a winding career. Even at my height, I wasn't looking to maintain that. I was always looking for what I feel now—where do I want to go?"

Soon Kidman will collaborate with Reese Witherspoon on a limited-run HBO series based on the darkly comic Liane Moriarty novel *Big Little Lies*, about kindergarten moms pushed to murder (!). But first, there's that anticipated return to the stage. Written by the American playwright Anna Ziegler, *Photograph 51* tells the story of the English chemist Rosalind Franklin, an overlooked pioneer in the study of DNA. Kidman had been kicking around the idea of Shakespeare or Chekhov, but in conversations with Michael Grandage, she decided she wanted to do newer work. She liked the idea of bringing further attention to Ziegler's acclaimed play—which has had several smaller stagings, including a 2010 Off-Broadway run—and also to Franklin, whose contributions, compared with those of her male peers, remain underappreciated.

"When an actor chooses new work over anything else, it suggests a fearlessness in their character," says Grandage. "I think that manifests itself in all her choices."

Stephen Daldry, who directed Kidman in *The Hours* and recently had his own Broadway hit with *Skylight*, said *Photograph 51* is another example of Kidman's willingness to push herself. "It will be thrilling, and I am so looking forward to it," Daldry says. "And who's better than Michael? He's such a wonderful actor's director."

Kidman can't disguise a flicker of nervousness. Or maybe it's just anticipation. *The Blue Room*, a sensual hit in both London and New York (remember the famous review in the *Daily Telegraph*: "pure theatrical Viagra!"), was more than a decade and a half ago. Kidman says she was "walking on air" for most of the show's run but also remembers how grueling it was, especially when she lost her voice in the final week. Moving to London for *Photograph 51*'s three-month run is a "big ask" for her young family. "And a huge risk," she says.



STAR-CROSSED LOVER

In *Queen of the Desert*, Damian Lewis takes on the role of Gertrude Bell's dashing paramour, Lieutenant Colonel Charles Doughty-Wylie.

BEHIND THE SCENES

Kidman's husband, country-rock star Keith Urban, and their two daughters joined her on the *Queen of the Desert* set. "Keith and I always say, 'We're doing a play,' 'We're doing a tour,' because it is like that—the family has to do it together," she says. Ralph Lauren Collection lace dress and suede trench coat.

Fashion Editor:
Tonne Goodman.





KEEPING HER COOL

Kidman has "that luminous thing . . . it makes you shy, like you're talking too much," says John Cameron Mitchell, who directed her in the 2010 drama *Rabbit Hole*. Philosophy di Lorenzo Serafini cream wool-gabardine cape. The Row wool-silk dress. The Frye Company boots. Hair, Shay Ashual for Wella Professionals; makeup, Diane Kendal. Set design, Owl and the Elephant Studio. Produced by Ricardo D. Martins for North Six. Details, see In This Issue.

GOING THE DISTANCE

The actress, in costume and on location with costars (FROM LEFT) Younes Benzakour, Jay Abdo, and Damian Lewis. Costume design, Michele Clapton. Produced by Marie Hu for North Six Europe. Details, see In This Issue. Fashion Editor: Phyllis Posnick.





SET DESIGN: ULRICH BERGELDER; KIDMAN: COSTUME: STANDBY SUE CASEY; FOR MEN: COSTUME STANDBY; KATHRYN DONALDSON; HAIR: LUCA SACCUMAN; MAKEUP: ALESSANDRO BERTOLAZZI

“Even Keith was like, ‘Why are we doing this?’” she says. But here Kidman mentions the thrill of theater, the chance to sink herself into a character, a challenge that tests her skill at every level. “I need to now push myself into a place I haven’t been for a long time.”

Kidman and Urban wed in 2006, endured a rehab stint for Urban shortly after they were married, started a family, and have remained steady champions of each other’s careers—Urban on the red carpet at the 2015 Oscars in a Louis Vuitton tuxedo, Kidman in Balenciaga at the CMT awards. LOOK AT NICOLE AND KEITH BEING LOVEY-DOVEY AT CMTS, read a recent headline on USA Today.com.

Kidman doesn’t disguise her affection. She mentions a night out with Urban and friends not long ago where she watched her husband sing and play in an impromptu jam session. “I looked up at him at one point and I saw his tattoos and his foot going, and he had the guitar, and I was like, ‘God, I love that man. I’m so glad I’m in this world.’”

Did she meet Urban at the right time in her life?

“Oh, no,” she says. “I wish I could have met him much earlier and had way more children with him. But I didn’t. I mean, if I could have had two more children with him, that would have been just glorious. But as Keith says, ‘The wanting mind, Nicole. Shut it down.’”

Last September, Kidman’s family suffered a sudden loss: the death of her father, psychologist and biochemist Antony Kidman. The sadness is still very raw—Kidman’s eyes begin to well immediately as soon as she starts to talk about him.

“You’ve caught me at a time when I’m still recovering and in grief,” she says, pausing for a moment. “There are times you go, ‘Gosh, I wish I could just go and hide in a hole and never come out,’” she says. “And then you go, ‘That was yesterday.’ I have a four-year-old and a six-year-old, and just hearing their laugh . . . it’s life in its most powerful form.”

She of course has her own childhood memories: visiting her dad in the lab and watching him work with microscopes. When Antony Kidman visited Nicole’s school, he brought mice and talked science. “and all the kids are looking at me like I am crazy.” She says he would have been thrilled about her returning to the stage to play, of all people, Rosalind Franklin. “I’m getting my Ph.D. in DNA!”

Kidman smiles. She is in the role of mentor now—not only with her children but with colleagues. She looks at today’s younger actors and the frenzy of paparazzi and the endless sniping of social media and wonders how they survive it; even when things in her own life were at their craziest, she says, they were never as crazy as this. “We’re the generation that got to duck all of that,” Kidman says. “When I was with Tom, I don’t remember paparazzi sitting outside our house . . . not like now. This is different.”

She mentions working a couple of years ago with the now-25-year-old Australian actress Mia Wasikowska on the film *Stoker* and volunteering to help Wasikowska navigate the road. “I said, ‘You call me anytime. Anytime you need to ask something.’ That’s probably my maternal side, but it’s also a responsibility in the industry. It’s a tough world now. It always was, but it’s particularly tough now.”

Kidman even sees benefit CONTINUED ON PAGE 200

HORSES

American Pharoah, the historic Triple Crown winner, weighs his options for one

What do you do after you've really done it all—which, in American Pharoah's case, means being the first horse in 37 years to win the Triple Crown? You can, of course, head out to rest, along with the other things that horses do when they are put out to pasture—this Thoroughbred's breeding rights were sold even before his win at the Belmont Stakes.

Or you can saddle up for the paddock one more time. The owner of American Pharoah, Ahmed Zayat, was saying the other day that he is inclined toward the latter. "We want to cap his racing career with something that's never been done in the history of sports," Zayat told me. He was talking about winning the Breeders' Cup in October—a feat that, in combination with a Triple Crown win, has been deemed the Grand Slam. But while Grand Slam bets are already being taken, Pharoah's participation is by no means a sure thing.

"We don't know yet," says his trainer, Bob Baffert, who, with his standout mane of white hair and his decades spent training America's fastest and finest horses (he's won four Kentucky Derbies, six Preakness Stakes, and two Belmont Stakes, to name a few), likes the idea of maybe trying a couple of races, but nothing's set in stone. "I'm letting the horse dictate where we'll run," Baffert says. "I feel like I owe it to him."

Which means that American Pharoah will be back at the stables, training, as he was on a recent day in Louisville, the lights coming on at the backside (track talk for the stables) of Churchill Downs just about dawn, Pharoah's nighttime leg wrappings removed, a walk to the track for a jog. There's a subdued elegance to everything about this storied, workaday track, a feeling of being at the center of a long-refined saddled-and-harnessed world. Clear blue skies, warm morning air, nearly-too-green Kentucky grass at the center of the oval of roughed-up dirt: a gorgeous backdrop to a gorgeous stallion as he works out, moving like no other horse, his extraordinarily wide heart girth (chest, to non-horse people) affording him his distinctive gracefulness, his streamlined mechanics.

Then, back in the stables, Pharoah stands in his stall, his jet-black mane racing down a coat almost luminous with good health, his thighs quivering with strength, his shoulders muscle-mapped. It's like standing next to a power source, or a waterfall held momentarily in check. His eyes look down at you, at first intimidating, though any fear is defused when the horse nudges the visitor to relax and snuggles in almost comically for a carrot, bending down a head that starts higher than an NBA center's and ends in your held-out hand. People now know about Pharoah's thing for carrots, and since the day he landed

CONTINUED ON PAGE 200



P O W E R

more run for glory. By Robert Sullivan. Photographed by Steven Klein.



SET DESIGN, THE EVENT COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KY.
ROSES, AMY STREETER AT SUSAN'S FLORIST, LOUISVILLE, KY.

RED HOT

American Pharoah
near his stables at
Churchill Downs in
Louisville, Kentucky.
Production design,
Mary Howard Studio.

Sittings Editor:
Tonne Goodman.

HOP TO IT

After graduating, Williams, seen here in his Queens studio, decided, "I just wanted to be in a position to observe my life."

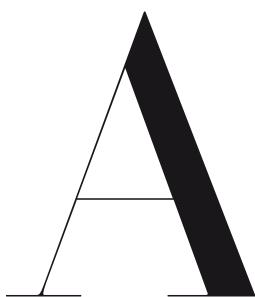
Sittings Editor:
Phyllis Posnick.





BOLD STROKES

News-making young painter Michael Williams is constantly switching up materials, subjects, and expectations—especially his own. **Dodie Kazanjian** reports. Photographed by Anton Corbijn.



sheep painting a self-portrait. A digital robot at a keyboard, accompanied by a noisy drunk in a green shirt. A one-legged cow whose body is a human ear. A lobster and a clam, hunched over a computer. You never know what you'll find in a painting by Michael Williams, whose soaring reputation puts him, at the age of 37, in the front rank of emerging

American artists. Nor can you be sure what medium he's using. Oil paint, acrylic, crayon, ink-jet digital printout, and airbrush can all appear in a single one of his layered, crowded, dizzyingly complex, simultaneously abstract and figurative, and wonderfully goofy pictures. They channel late Philip Guston, Albert Oehlen, Carroll Dunham, Peter Saul, and several other contemporary masters, but in essence, there's nothing like them. "If there is goofiness," Williams said recently, "it's always there doing the work of doubt."

The artist of these often chaotic paintings resembles a big, friendly sheepdog. His torn black North Face jacket (it's a cool day) is held together with masking tape. His jeans droop, his hair is uncombed, his beard is scruffy. At six-foot-seven, he towers over me as he leads the way into his studio, a converted perfume factory in Long Island City. "The first month I was here, it was pretty odiferous," he says, "but thankfully, the smell went away."

His manner is laid-back, soothing. "I do most of the painting over there," he says, pointing to an L-shaped extension of the big room we're in, where a dozen or so large paintings lean against the walls. "But this wall is where I put things I'm pretty sure are finished." The images in his paintings used to derive from his own drawings on paper, but lately he's switched to making drawings on a computer, having them transferred to canvas by a commercial printer, and then working on them by hand in the studio. "With oil painting, which I've done for a long time, there's all this evidence of the process—of the struggles involved," he tells me. "When you're drawing with a computer, it can still be a long, tumultuous process. But when you have it printed out, there's no evidence of

the struggle, which I think is really nice. To have to see all that baggage on the painting is a burden.” The printer screwed up on the first series of prints for his show last November at the Michael Werner Gallery in London—everything had to be reprinted. Williams kept the botched, off-register prints, though, and eventually decided to use them as the basis of the new paintings we’re looking at. “I just started working on top of those,” he says.

More than any artist I know, Williams likes to work against things—images, techniques, consistency, collectors, himself. He goes his own contrary way, and his recent success seems to have taken him by surprise. The Museum of Modern Art bought one of his three paintings in its recent group show, “The Forever Now.” Steven A. Cohen, Peter Brant, Howard Rachofsky, and other major collectors are lining up to buy his work, and several of the artists he most admires, including Peter Doig, have acquired it. A survey show of a dozen Williams paintings and about 60 of his drawings is currently on view at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts, and his New York gallery (which, confusingly, is called Canada) will showcase his latest work next spring. All this suggests an imminent liftoff to market stardom and a mega-gallery takeover, but Williams balks at the thought. “Mike is a competitor,” says Phil Grauer, a longtime friend and cofounder of the Canada gallery. “But he certainly never has worried about success or career. A lot of artists pretend to be cool about that, but Mike actually never cares.”

Michael Williams grew up in a town called Holicong, near Philadelphia. His father, Michael, Sr., was a radiologist. His mother, Kik, came from a very wealthy family but rebelled against that life. “She’s a wild card,” Williams says. “She writes poetry, and she encouraged me to do art.” They summered in Rhode Island. Kik took a painting class at the Rhode Island School of Design (RISD) one year, fell in love with Providence, and moved the family there when Michael was eleven. In his early teens, he spent three summers working for his mother’s friend Tina Barney, the artist-photographer. Barney remembers him as being extremely quiet—“*Yep and nope, that was a lot for him to say*”—but he was “totally focused on what I was doing, a lot of which was quite boring. He was absorbing everything.”

After four years at a New England boarding school, Michael, who had been painting since he was nine, knew he wanted to study art, but not at RISD. “I wanted to forge out,” he says. He got his B.F.A. at Washington University in St. Louis. “Most of the work I did in college was sort of conceptual,” he says. “I ran an art gallery out of my closet, showing work by other students and a professor. It was a small apartment, but it had a big closet.” He took a semester off and drove with a friend up to Canada and then down to New Orleans. “I thought it was funny to drive as far north and as far south as I could, but we chickened out in Québec City because it was winter and we were sleeping in the car.”

After graduating in 2000, he moved back to Providence.

His parents had separated, and he lived with his mother, trying to write a novel and “doing a lot of Internet art-type stuff. My father was upset with me for failing to launch. He asked me what I wanted to do, and I said I just wanted to be in a position to observe my life. He yelled at me, and I quickly moved to New York. It was good. I’m happy he did that.”

Williams moved around a lot and then lived for five years in a shack on top of an old warehouse building in Greenpoint, Brooklyn. In those years, he supported himself by working as an artist’s assistant—first for Vito Acconci and then for Matthew Barney. He was also doing small-scale performance works, “on the line between music and art,” as he explains it, and “sort of crawling back toward making paintings.”

In 2003, a few paintings he had done on old vinyl records were in a group show at Canada, then a young gallery on Chrystie Street, where Williams and his Greenpoint housemate, the artist Joe Bradley, used to hang out. According to Bradley, “Michael was painting at a very high level early on, although it didn’t seem like he had major ambition. But he’s driven. We played a lot of Ping-Pong, and I don’t think I ever won.” The gallery took two of Williams’s small, thickly impastoed oil paintings to an art fair in a Milwaukee bowling alley. A Los Angeles artist bought them. More group shows and art fairs followed. In

2007, he was offered his first solo show at Canada. He quit drinking. (He quit smoking a year later.) “I was drinking too much,” he tells me. “I have a lot of power to stop bad behavior, but not as much to bring on good behavior.” Today, he’s a health nut who subsists on fresh fruit and vegetables, yogurt, and kombucha. He has also become a dedicated hiker, going off with his cousin on strenuous two-week treks through southern Utah canyons. “It makes me feel in touch with my smallness,” he says. “I’m more into nature than culture.”

The paintings in his 2007 show verged on comic-book absurdity: a bearded man seeing his reflection in a deodorant tube, a dog spying on a woman taking a shower. “Mike’s always been a master at the half-joke thing,” Grauer says. “His early shows were collector-repellent. New York hated them. The paint application was grotesquely thick, overly painted in a foolish way. But Mike is a confident guy. And eventually we started to sell some of them.”

The year after his first show, Williams met Erika Geldzahler. The daughter of a New Jersey butcher, she had studied art at Bard and the San Francisco Art Institute, where her interest in cooking began to rival her love of painting. She was Michael’s polar opposite—warm, talkative, spontaneous, and effervescent. She had worked on the set of the film *Julie & Julia*, making lunch for Meryl Streep and Nora Ephron, and with a couple of friends had recently started a restaurant in Williamsburg called Pies ‘n’ Thighs. Michael and Erika had actually met before; he had dated her best friend, and Erika persuaded her friend to break up with him. “It was back when he was drinking,” she recalls, “and he was crude and loud.” She didn’t recognize him when she and the same friend bumped into him eight years later. “I said, ‘Who is that guy? He’s so cute.’ And she said, ‘Are you joking? That’s the guy you told me to break up with.’” A few nights later, they met again and went to the friend’s apartment after a party,

where they cooked strange dishes—"art" pancakes with one fried-egg "cyclops" eye and a bacon mouth.

Erika and Michael spent a lot of time together in Rhode Island that summer, and in December he moved into her Williamsburg apartment. They didn't get to see each other very much, because he was making paintings for shows in New York, Rome, Copenhagen, and Los Angeles, and she was working night and day at Pies 'n' Thighs. To spend more time with her, he interned at the restaurant for several months. His work kept changing. Some of the paintings in his second New York solo show, in 2009, were purely abstract; others were wildly distorted versions of representational images. Half of them were sold, in spite of the economic downturn, and *The New York Times*'s Roberta Smith gave the show an upbeat review: "Mr. Williams . . . conveys the lively impression of being both true to himself and willing to mess around."

By 2011, he was moving away from his thickly painted surfaces. He diluted his oil paint and started using an airbrush to make blurry lines and washes of color. "It was an assault on everything I'd built up over the past ten years. I'd developed a relationship with the lusciousness of thick oil paint—one that tells you something about the weird human who pushed it around the surface. Getting rid of all that, I had to readjust, and just go on faith." The new work, which appeared in 2012 at the VeneKlasen/Werner Gallery in Berlin, and a year later at Williams's New York gallery, was a big success. Full of sensory overload and swarming imagery, paintings like *Honk if You Don't Exist* and *I Can Boil My Own Toast* rewarded viewers with almost too rich a harvest of hilarity and visual excess. His 2013 show at Canada "gives electric evidence that his painterly promise has come to impressive fruition," Jerry Saltz wrote in *New York* magazine. "I was stunned into something like a stupor by Williams's work."

Becoming the focus of art-world attention makes Williams uneasy. He and Erika, who were married in 2011, have two children—a girl, Lettie, age three, and a boy, Lorne, one. They recently decided to move to Los Angeles, to give the kids a better life and to give Michael more head space. "I've wanted to leave New York for a long time," he says. "It's too expensive. To have a nice time, you have to have so much money that you're kind of an unethical person." Erika sold her share in Pies 'n' Thighs, and Michael set off for L.A. to scout for a place to live. "He called me from JFK and said, 'I just can't do it,' and I realized I didn't want to go either. Lettie is already so New York-ified. We were walking to preschool the other day, and she said, 'I need to get a cappuccino.'"

In Brooklyn, the four of them live in a one-bedroom apartment and are looking for a bigger one. They have a part-time nanny, and Erika has started painting again. She



IN THE THICK OF IT

Exist Cop Esquire (13), 2014, a richly colored mixed-media work on paper.

and Michael still don't have much time together, but Michael tries to get home from the studio in time to read to the kids every night—"He has such a relaxing, bedtime-story voice," Erika says—and every Thursday night the couple have a date. They go for a walk around the McCarren Park track, try out different restaurants for dinner (recently, Ivan Ramen for Japanese, Pok Pok for Thai), and talk "forever."

Figuring out how to deal with success is a real problem for certain artists. It's abundantly clear that whatever Williams does, he's going to do it his way. "He's larger than the rest of us," says Grauer. "He's a giant man who wants his work to be kind of a battering ram that knocks down the cast-iron door so that everyone else can raid the castle with him."

Near the end of our last conversation, Williams returned to a question I'd asked him earlier about what he was looking for in his work. "I have the feeling that everyone's work is just about themselves in some way. I throw myself into making paintings that are difficult to do. If a painting is going in a certain direction, I'll deny that and try to take it somewhere else, then circle around to find the resolution. Days in the studio, giving myself a hard time, are not like a day in the park. I'm just trying to find visual territory that's uncharted." □

H

T O

When Tamar Adler decided to hand-make hot dogs for a summer wedding party, she had no idea what she was getting herself into. Photographed by Eric Boman.

T R O T

Jesse had dark pink cheeks and on cold days wore a brown skullcap. He wasn't a crush or an idol—I now realize I don't even know how to spell his name. I never saw it written, and when I last saw him, I was twelve and didn't think of such things. Jesse stood on a dim stretch of Central Avenue in White Plains, New York, selling perfect and peppery hot dogs. My father visited regularly and brought me along on Saturdays—in my favorite pinafore and patent leather shoes—on our drive home to Westchester from concerts at Carnegie Hall. Jesse and my father would exchange pleasantries. Jesse would hand us three hot dogs wrapped in thin napkins, steam rising from them, and we would bend over our lunches, careful to keep mustard off our nice shoes. Eventually my younger brother, John, joined us. Eventually I spent Saturdays with my friends. Eventually everyone outgrew everything, and I never caught sight of Jesse again.

Jesse's hot dogs came to mind when planning started for a party this summer celebrating my wedding. There would be a lunch of lobster and mussels by the sea. Then we wanted hot dogs for a late-night meal. And with both my father and Jesse long gone, what I really wanted, I heard through a quiet corridor of my inner self, was for those hot dogs to be like Jesse's.

From an emotional perspective it was a good plan. From a practical one, it was complicated. I had no way of asking Jesse about the hot dogs he served from his roadside cart. I imagine they came in industrial packages from an anonymous factory—though I can't say. So much about hot dogs is opaque that when I think about the breed of affection we have for them, it strikes me as the dysfunctional one we reserve for foods and friends about which we say things like *I don't even want to know*.

Then an idea: What if I were to decide, in the spirit of my age, to Make My Own? Which led to another question—one I had somehow never asked: What, precisely, *is* a hot dog?

A definition comes from Bruce Kraig, professor emeritus of history at Roosevelt University, in his slim but comprehensive *Hot Dog: A Global History*: “a product encased in an animal gut, or an artificial facsimile.” It was probably born during

the Upper Paleolithic as chopped meat or blood in a skin or bladder or intestine, then evolved over eons into ground meat in intestines of sheep or pig. It is emulsified (meaning blended) and of recognizable width and length. Most obviously (though I'd never considered it before), hot dogs are already cooked: Cooking a hot dog at home means heating it up.

Frankfurt and Vienna both claim the hot dog. The German and Austrian sausages from which it was descended, probably in the sort of cross-breeding and confluences that make a thing American, include the frankfurter, the wienerwurst, and the most straight-backed-sounding of the bunch, the thuringer. According to Kraig, there are two modern categories: the Oscar Mayer type, of which around 18.5 million a year are served at ballparks, made of mechanically separated turkey, chicken, and pork, plus water, salt, and assorted spices and preservatives. These generally have no casing and are disconcertingly innocuous. The second kind is the category I like: all-beef hot dogs, which are just over two-thirds beef, with the remainder a combination of beef fat and water and spices, in snappy casings.

Now to find someone who can show me how to make one. Over several weeks grilling on my rooftop I taste dozens from store shelves—and find myself liking Applegate organic-beef hot dogs, feeling ambivalent but generally positive about Nature's Rancher ones, and truly loving Pat LaFrieda's Black Angus hot dogs, which as far as I can tell must be bought at the rare specialty store or ordered and delivered by mail in a large cardboard box. (I don't dip into the Hebrew National and Vienna Beef well; details about the animals they're made from, other than that they are cattle, are too difficult to determine for my taste.) All are produced on a large scale, and standing in a cold factory or processing plant, wearing a paper shower cap and watching similarly dressed people hoist ground beef in and out of machines, doesn't match my bespoke-hot dog fantasy.

I call Daniel Boulud. At his DBGB Kitchen and Bar on Bowery, the celebrated French chef serves a hot dog made by Aurélien Dufour, a fourth-generation charcutier trained in Paris. Daniel invites me to watch Dufour at work.

I arrive on a warm day. Daniel emerges from a silver chauffeured car, already in chefs' whites, talking on a Bluetooth earpiece at a full trot. He

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BEST IN SHOW

Summer is the undisputed hot-dog season, and the best are two-thirds beef, plus beef fat, water, and spices—inside a snappy casing.



The

Tooth Fairy

Forget wrinkles. Are your teeth making you look old? Patricia Marx finds an unexpected fountain of youth at the dentist.

Photographed by Inez and Vinoodh.

I did not always hate my teeth. Regarding my dentition and that of my siblings, my childhood dentist would remark every time he examined our mouths and found no decay, "Those Marx children have perfect teeth!" During my sister's first year of college, she had a toothache and discovered she also had something like 31 cavities. Apparently, my childhood dentist enjoyed stiff drinks and did not know from fillings. He might have been blind, too, because every subsequent dentist of mine, noticing the sickly pallor of my teeth, has asked me if my mother, when she was pregnant with me, took the antibiotic tetracycline, whose side effect to the offspring is discolored teeth that stubbornly resist most methods of whitening. (She did not.)

Still, I did not hate my teeth—that came later. First I hated my weight, spending decades either being on a diet or about to be on a diet until a friend said, "I think it's time we stop worrying about poundage and start worrying about our wrinkles." She had a point. But now it is time to fret less about the saggy and creased upholstery that our aging epidermis has become and turn our attention to its supporting armature. "You can have your hair dyed, you can have Botox and fillers and a face-lift—you can have all that work done—but if you don't take care of your mouth, you're going to look old," Manhattan dentist Nancy Rosen, D.M.D., told me. Rosen is 45 but appears to have the teeth of a 23-year-old. They are straight and symmetrical and just the right color (off-white is the new white), and they are not just natural-looking; they *are* natural.

Time is not always so kind. (Yes, this is the depressing paragraph.) Through years of chewing and clenching, your teeth—powered by jaws forceful enough to crush them (but the brain forbids it)—become filed down, and your bite can start to collapse as teeth shift laterally and tilt inward. This, in combination with the loss of collagen and elastin that used to plump up your lips so fetchingly, can make your face look hollow and lined. The bone in your upper jaw, which holds your teeth in place, will likely narrow, causing your mouth to purse. Then it gets worse: Your upper lip loses muscle tone, and the gum tissue encasing the upper teeth descends, leaving you with an expression that has been called "the Richard Nixon smile."

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SOMETHING TO SMILE ABOUT

Xiao Wen Ju in a Victoria Beckham coat. Hair, Garren at Garren NY for R+Co.; makeup, Dick Page for Shiseido. Details, see In This Issue. Fashion Editor: Phyllis Posnick.



Sitting Pretty

Whether modeling, acting, or simply living her life, Imogen Waterhouse is a girl uninterrupted. Photographed by Angelo Pennetta.

In late June, with little more in her Meli Melo bag than a sweater, a change of pants, and a toothbrush, Imogen Waterhouse set off for Glastonbury to meet her big sister, Suki. "This year I don't even have a place to stay," the 21-year-old said of her plans for one of the world's biggest—and, certainly, muddiest—music festivals. Her agenda was simple: to catch both Kanye West and the Who. Beyond that, "I'm just going to crash where I crash," she said. Given Immy's seamless initiation into the fashion industry, however, her trajectory seems more like a steep ascent.

In addition to balancing a number of modeling gigs, the younger Waterhouse has just wrapped *The Last Photograph*, Danny Huston's latest film, and signed with Hollywood überagency CAA. When it's suggested that, in the era of Cara, the distinction between working in fashion and film has all but disappeared, she tentatively agrees before adding, "I still think of myself more as an actress than a model." In fact, she seems naturally predisposed to succeed at either career. Even her hair—a widow's-peaked, honey-colored mane pulled here into a ponytail as high as Beyoncé's at the Met gala—seems to be up for anything. Some would say she's paying her dues. Waterhouse, though, says something else: "I'm laying the groundwork."

—MARK GUIDUCCI



STEAL OF THE MONTH



URBANE JUNGLE

Waterhouse in a Topshop Unique crepe dress, \$380; topshop.com. Hue tights, \$15; Macy's stores. Hair, Luke Hersheson; makeup, Lucy Burt. Produced by the Production Club. Details, see In This Issue. Fashion Editor: Sara Moonves.

BON SIR



The season's new handbags—which resemble everything from lunch boxes to treasure chests—prove that it's never been so hip to be square.

Photographed by Bruce Weber.

BALANCING ACT

Carrying a heavy course load has never seemed like such a good idea. Bags by Dolce & Gabbana; select Dolce & Gabbana boutiques. Details, see In This Issue.

Fashion Editor: Tabitha Simmons.





HOLD ON TIGHT

Too cool for school? Make a great escape with a cross-body for the girl on the move. FROM LEFT: Alexander McQueen studded bag, \$2,095; Alexander McQueen, NYC. Coach camera bag, \$275; Coach stores. Karen Elson wears Marc Jacobs cardigan, top, and shoes; Chanel tweed skirt.

HEAD CASE

Handbag or hard hat? Who cares! Mark Cross scores an A+ in both form and function. Mark Cross burgundy (\$2,195) and striped (\$2,395) leather bags; burgundy bag at Dover Street Market New York. Details, see In This Issue.





SLEEPING ON THE JOB

The old-fashioned travel trunk gets a colorfully crafted wake-up call. Bally trunks and leather handbag; bally.com. BELOW: Moynat mini vanity case, \$3,520; moynat.com. Gucci pleated dress. Max Mara loafers.



THE MORE THE MERRIER

Bags by Valextra and Agnona. On Elson: Bottega Veneta bag. Salvatore Ferragamo pleated dress. Alberta Ferretti top. Cartier watch. Derek Lam shoes.



SITTING PRETTY

Even elegant handbags get called to the principal's office now and then.
Tory Burch miniframe bag and Salvatore Ferragamo pony-hair handbag.
FAR LEFT: Mark Cross bags.



FUNNY BONES

A good structural framework—in a bag or in a body—puts a smile on everyone's face. Anya Hindmarch smiley-face cross-body bags, \$795 each; Anya Hindmarch, NYC. On Elson: Roger Vivier handbag, \$2,750; Roger Vivier, NYC. Rochas dress and bow. Dolce & Gabbana shoes. Details, see In This Issue.





GAME ON

With Chanel on the sidelines (including a star turn from No. 5), there's always something to cheer about. Chanel Plexiglas bags; select Chanel boutiques. Christopher Kane sweater and skirt. Gucci shirt. In this story: hair, Recine; makeup, Aaron de Mey. Set design, Dimitri Levas. Produced by Dawn Boller for Little Bear. Photographed at Carrollton School of the Sacred Heart, Miami. Details, see In This Issue.



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EDITOR: EMMA ELWICK-BATES

Vive La France!

Entertain the picturesque Provençal way—fine food, sunshine, and a few ends of pétanque.



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JACQUES DERAY
LA PISCINE
ALAIN DELON
ROMY SCHNEIDER
MARINA VON
JANE BIRKIN



SEYDOUX: ANGELO PENNETTA, FASHION EDITOR: SARA MOONVES, HAIR: ESTHER LANGHAM, MAKEUP: SALLY BRANKA, PHOTOGRAPHED AT VILLA PUNTA PARASO, SAYULITA, NAYARIT, MEXICO. PRODUCED BY EL SOL AZUL. PROPS: COURTESY OF MATCHESFASHION.COM. INVITATION: COURTESY OF FIN GRANT CORNETT, PROP STYLIST: JANINE VERSEN. TOIE: COURTESY OF MATCHESFASHION.COM. COURTESY OF PARIS CIRQUE. CHAPE: COURTESY OF SERINE & LILY LA PISCINE. COURTESY OF MAISON DE LA GUEBRUN. ALL OTHERS: JOHN MANNI. DETAILS: SEE COURTESY OF JAQUES FELLOWS. POOL: DR / COURTESY OF MAISON DE LA GUEBRUN. THIS ISSUE.

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1. Léa Seydoux, *Vogue*, 2015.
2. Rachel Comey tote, \$320; matchesfashion.com.
3. Lisa Marie Fernandez bikini, \$390; net-a-porter.com.
4. Fin Fellowes custom invitation; finfellowes.com.
5. Lillet Rosé, \$20; astorwines.com.
6. Serena & Lily chaise, \$895; serenaandlily.com.
7. Marx Foods edible flowers (in ice cubes), from \$66; marxfoods.com.
8. *La Piscine*, directed by Jacques Deray (1969).
9. Eugenia Kim hat, \$415; net-a-porter.com.
10. Sonia Rykiel towel, \$150; saks.com.
11. Lebon Fresh Mint toothpaste, \$11; beautyhabit.com.
12. Jaques London Boxed Boule Set, \$75; jaquesamerica.com.
13. Tabitha Simmons sandals, \$675; Saks Fifth Avenue stores.
14. Amanda Moffat pitcher; johnderian.com. Biot stemware; provence-shop.com.
15. Maje dress, \$480; Maje stores.
16. Serena & Lily glasses, \$38–\$48; serenaandlily.com.
17. Silencio at the Maison de l'Aiguebrun, Bonnieux, France.

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THE SPY WHO LOVED ME

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voice totally unlike his usual one.

"Think back," I said. "Did the baby have it this morning?"

Ian cleared his throat. "I'm unable to confirm that at this time."

I shifted the wailing baby to my other hip. "Just say the first place that pops into your head," I said. "Sometimes that works."

"I'm afraid I have no CX on that at this time," Ian said.

I caught on and hung up.

Eventually, the KGB sent word through the Russian embassy in London that Ian was no longer under a death threat. We could all relax. He could sit with his back to the door. Ian retired from MI6 ten years ago, and he's a private consultant now. Our lives these days are more PTA than MI6, although he still accepts occasional assignments from private clients regarding kidnappings or counterintelligence. Recently he had to travel to Baghdad, and the authorities took a blood sample so that they could identify his DNA if he were to be killed by a bomb.

I still know the names and identities of many people who were under cover. A Serbian arms dealer. A CIA operative. A Syrian source. A Hezbollah informant. People whose lives I hold in the palm of my hand. Although recently I was driving along, listening to the radio, and a friend of ours, a former undercover FBI agent, was interviewed on a talk show and used his real name. This was a man so concerned about Mob retaliation that he'd had plastic surgery in order to alter his appearance! I was so alarmed that I nearly plunged the car into the Potomac River. But then I thought of all the years it had been since I'd seen him. It appears that life is moving on for everyone.

I have always been a fan of daily routine. What's-for-dinner and I-am-obsessed-by-this-shopping-app and I-have-an-idea-for-a-new-story have always been enough to make me happy. That, and Ian. But still, sometimes I miss waking up in the night and hearing hushed voices and hurried footsteps in the kitchen. I miss the mysterious phone calls and sudden meetings. I miss knowing that Ian was out learning the world's secrets, and that I was part of it. □

A WORLD APART

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in occasionally talking about personal topics as a way of helping others. She's been up front on her experiences with motherhood, both with Cruise, with whom she adopted two children, Isabella Jane and Connor, now in their 20s, and

with Urban. "I've experienced adoption. I've experienced birth with a genetic child. I've experienced surrogacy with a genetic child," she says. "I speak openly about it because so many of my friends are discussing it. It's important for other women to go, 'I get it!'"

(Really the only topic Kidman declines to discuss is the Church of Scientology; the recent HBO documentary *Going Clear* alleged, among other things, that the church had actively tried to break up Cruise and Kidman's marriage. Kidman passed on the opportunity to speak to the makers of the film and has consistently turned away requests to comment out of respect for her children with Cruise.)

All of that feels far away here in Tennessee. Kidman knows that there are things she misses in Nashville. Hollywood is still a town, she says, where a lot of business is conducted over dinner and at parties. "The power of face-to-face," as she puts it, still retains influence. But the trade-off? Pretty good. Calm. Open space. Nature. "I can read here," she says (recently she's been reading Jon Krakauer's *Missoula* and Karl Ove Knausgaard's epic *My Struggle*). "I can write here. I can hike. I can take my kids to school. I can live the way I've always wanted to live."

It's almost normal. . . .

"A life," Kidman says. "A real life."

I should state for the record that no people were injured or harmed in any bodily way during the golf portion of this story. Kidman and I managed to depart the course at Hillwood Country Club without damaging any humans, homes, or automobiles (that we know of), although I will confess my ego was probably a little dented. That's fine. It was still a pretty great way to spend a spring morning. Some credit the great Mark Twain with the line "Golf is a good walk spoiled," and I know Mark Twain was a brilliant man who wrote a lot of wise things. But he never got the chance to play golf with Nicole Kidman. □

HORSE POWER

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in his custom jumbo jet at the Louisville airport (the plane's touchdown covered live by TV news, the horse's descent down the gangplank photographed by the pilot) and was driven to his stables (police escort, people lining the streets, helicopters overhead), they have come by the thousands hoping to get a glimpse of royalty, many of them bearing carrots in bunches. "He's not accepting carrots at this time," security says. They're just being polite—in fact he is, but only the small, already peeled kind. Special horse, special carrots.

And now, barely a week after his monumental victory, Pharoah was about to get back in his stall aboard his jet. Next stop, Santa Anita, California, where he will begin to train, taking it day by day, Baffert and company weighing the pros and cons of racing the horse. Naturally, expectations are enormous. "There's more pressure now training him because he's become this icon of racing," Baffert says.

At the Zayat house, Ahmed was thinking along the same lines, as he mentioned to his son Justin recently. "I feel happy for you and sad for you," Ahmed said to Justin, who is also his racing manager. "Happy because you are 23 years old, but sad because I don't know what you can do for an encore."

Ahmed's experience with the horse—their relationship, that is—indicates that everything, as the saying goes, will work out. "I'm going to sound wacko here," Zayat said, "but he actually responds to my demeanor. If I'm nervous, I can tell from his eyes. He's saying, 'Don't worry—I'll get this done for you.'" □

HOT TO TROT

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kisses me hello, and then we hurry into the charcuterie room. There we stand beside the tall, bony-wristed Aurélien, who begins, the moment we arrive, to add deep-red ground meat and fat into a 2,000-rpm German mixer—a gleaming, terrifying robotic machine with a menacing blade and a bright-red dial. It churns, immensely and silently, as Daniel adds milk, ice water, then a combination of juniper, clove, allspice, onion and garlic powders, paprika, and pink curing salt. Aurélien mostly oversees, answering Daniel's calls of *En avant?* with *Oui*. One can see into the machine through a helpful peephole on top.

When the spiced beef has the consistency of a very smooth batter, Daniel clicks the red dial, then tastes some on a fingertip, encouraging me to do the same. The smell is familiar and appealing. "Like tartare!" he says. It is—a fine, highly spiced tartare I would happily eat on pommes gauffrettes. Daniel transfers the mixture quickly to a large steel canister with a hydraulic lid that descends at the touch of a button. On its side is a metal tube onto which Aurélien, his long fingers moving like a pianist's, feeds sheep casings. At the touch of another button the mix is pressed into the casings, which, full, are moved to a second table where Aurélien deftly swings long ropes, tying neat identical hot dogs, his agile wrists making it all seem a pretty quadrille. The links proceed to a box smoker with mesquite and cherry-wood chips. They will stay there for more than four hours, until

they have what Daniel charmingly calls *kgnack* (“snap”). The following stages have been set up in advance and are so carefully orchestrated that I feel the seamless calm of a cooking-show set. Smoked hot dogs go into a pot of simmering water, tinted yellow by turmeric to add color. Out of the water, they are shuttled next door into the DBGB kitchen and a waiting griddle.

Daniel spoons onion confit into two long, brioche-like buns, made in his bakery, just beside the charcuterie room. On top go griddled hot dogs, then a relish of fermented chilies and cabbage. Then what he calls a crudité of radish and frisée. (“I have to use frisée; I’m French!” he explains, unprompted.) Over it all goes his Bastard Sauce: ketchup, mayonnaise, horseradish. When asked what inspired this combination of toppings, Daniel replies, “It is an orgasm à l’américaine!”

Underneath the orgasm is a hot dog that is subtle, delicately smoky, and lovely—a beautifully made artisanal sausage bearing resemblance to the emulsified charcuterie of Alsace, which Daniel cites as its Gallic relative. But the fact that its artisans are French, and wearing the mantles of family tradition and Michelin stars, means (in an unavoidable pun) that what I have learned is how to make not a Jesse-style American hot dog but an *haute* dog.

I turn to my brother, John, the Blue Hill and Per Se-trained chef of the small, seasonal Franny’s in Brooklyn. He does not serve hot dogs at his restaurant. But he makes salumi by hand, has a meat grinder and a sausage stuffer, and knows all there is to know about any animal that goes into them.

He’s game to help and says that his New Jersey-bred sous-chef, Andrew Mumma, will pitch in. John is convinced that Jesse served an extinct variety of a Sabrett (all-beef) hot dog and offers to work with Andrew to reverse engineer it.

When days later I appear in Franny’s tiny prep kitchen and don an apron, I find myself immediately persuaded by the sight of tattooed, barrel-chested John and Andrew—who have already studied the plastic packages of hot dogs, and various salumi and charcuterie books. They decide we must start with deep vermilion slabs of beef from cattle raised on grass by Mennonites, blocks of snowy-white beef fat, salt-packed casings from sheep, and whole local onions and garlic to be dehydrated and ground into onion and garlic powders. The only ingredients they haven’t gotten back to their purest forms are black pepper, paprika, and Espelette pepper—“We don’t grow them here,” my brother explains—and salt and curing

salt (for which I’m silently grateful, envisioning my brother and me in waders, floating buckets and sieves through the Coney Island surf).

In the absence of DBGB’s great German machines, we plan to use the petite grinder in the corner and a medieval-looking hand-cranked sausage stuffer. Instead of using an indoor smoke box, we will taxi our finished hot dogs to Hometown Bar-B-Que in nearby Red Hook, where they will sit over local oak.

Andrew has written our recipe in a notebook. I look it over as he gathers cutting boards and scales. It seems impossible that it contains all the contents of an authentic dog. It lists only ten ingredients—fewer than Daniel and Aurélien’s. And theirs had tasted rarefied.

In a moment of perverse paradox, instead of an apprehension that a hot dog’s contents are anonymous and potentially toxic, I have worries ours will be too pure. I can see that what John and Andrew have assembled would produce an exquisite daube de boeuf. I just can’t tell if it will make a hot dog.

I keep my concerns to myself, as one does faced with 50 pounds of beef and a mile of sheep intestine. John and Andrew and I, holding butcher knives, clean and cube and freeze and grind and freeze and grind and freeze and weigh and grind and turn the Gothic crank. I feel several times a bond with Paleolithic wurst-masters who probably used similar technology. Our artisanal grinder stutters; the vintage stuffer can’t handle the smooth tartare; even our casings tear. It is an epic best collapsed into an ellipsis . . . three days later, we have 300 hot dogs, stuffed and linked and waiting for a ride to Red Hook and time with oak smoke under the stars.

I do rough math. A package of eight of ours would, accounting for only labor and ingredients, cost around \$100. Without having tasted our handiwork, I can say that from a populist perspective, even if the best possible ingredients make sense, hot dogs without industrial machines don’t. Their fine texture is terribly hard for any but behemoth grinders to achieve without exhaustion. In order for the delicate sheep casings to stay flexible, they need to be filled smoothly at the press of a button. The hot dog qua hot dog may be German or Austrian, but its second parent is the industrial age. It need not be bad for you, or bad for animals or for the environment. But it is by necessity the product and handmaiden of an industrial assembly line.

At Hometown Bar-B-Que, long braids of hot dogs are laid on smoky racks. We sit by a fire pit, and I think blearily as we wait that even if ours are nothing like

those I used to eat with my father, the quixotic pursuit itself is better homage to a man who once bought an antique fire engine, and spent a summer in Maine raising a baby raccoon, than a perfect replica of his favorite hot dog ever could be.

At 2:00 A.M., pit master Mike declares our hot dogs ready. He moves them into waiting tubs. He very kindly hands me a knife. Suddenly nervous, I cut several burning links off one of the braids, lay them on a wooden table, and hand them around to be tasted.

We have made a hot dog. It is wonderful, salty, peppery, as long and thin and snappy as the ones I remember. I am certain no other one has ever been so meticulously sourced, laboriously and lovingly ground and mixed and stuffed and braided and smoked. I imagine our guests standing beneath the wide Maine sky, eating something that seems now a perfect symbol of the occasion. Is it Jesse’s hot dog? No. That remains where it belongs—in the place populated entirely by what-no-longer-is, along with my beloved pinafore and patent leather Mary Janes, and along with my father and with Jesse. □

THE TOOTH FAIRY

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New York dermatologist Lisa Airan, M.D., advises patients whose mouths are in terrible repair to see a dentist before coming to her, explaining that “in order to shape the area around the mouth [with filler], the dentition and jawbone need to be in good shape.”

In my particular case, a lifelong habit of grinding my teeth in my sleep left me with ones the size of Le Sueur peas—peas not fully emerged from the pod, it would appear, given the impudent amount of gum tissue exposed when I smiled. My bottom teeth, which resembled a multi-vehicle accident, were nothing to brag about, either.

Judging by the recent proliferation of deluxe dental paraphernalia and whitening services in the marketplace, I am not the only one who feels her front grille could use some sprucing up. For a not-inconsiderable sum, you can purchase electric toothbrushes that deep-clean your teeth via ultrasound (Emmi-dent) and whiten via blue LED light (Go Smile); an ionic device that supposedly takes effect in five minutes and leaves your teeth so resplendent passers-by should wear sun protection (Tanda Pearl Ionic Teeth Whitening System); fluoride-free toothpastes that claim to dissolve plaque (Livionex); and mouthwashes in bottles so swank you could display them on your wet bar

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(Aesop, Fig + Yarrow, C.O. Bigelow).

But it would take more than a little brightening to make me jolly enough to smile with abandon.

Then I was introduced to Marc Lowenberg, D.D.S., a cosmetic dentist who's perfected the choppers of the Rolling Stones, Renée Zellweger, Julianna Margulies, and Chris Rock, to name just a few of his well-toothed clients. I have never seen the insides of their mouths, but Lowenberg's uppers and lowers look convincingly authentic—as Goldilocks might say, they are not too big and not too small, not too white and not too yellow, not too uniform and not too irregular, not too movie star and not at all coal miner. In fact, Lowenberg's teeth are not Lowenberg's teeth. They are veneers—ultra-thin translucent porcelain overlays permanently affixed to the front surface of the teeth to improve one's look or protect the damaged originals—like fake fingernails, but they do not come in sea-foam green or metallic navy.

Lowenberg recommended the same for me. "What people don't realize," he said, "is that we can actually change the architecture of your face by changing the shape and position of your teeth." Spoiler alert: This is what he did for me. Specifically, he used the veneers to widen my smile by building out the arch, and changed the angle of my front teeth to give my upper lip more support. The effect was to plump up my lower face, but subtly, as if I were an old teddy bear who'd been restuffed by Steiff.

Using a moldable resin, Lowenberg deftly sculpted temporary facades onto my teeth to show me a preview of my new smile. As he handed me a mirror, he warned, "It's going to be shocking. It'll take your eye a while to adjust." That sounded like something you'd say to someone who's just woken up from coma. I took a peek. Wow! My mouth was an "after" picture. "It's not even you

anymore, right?" said Lowenberg. Wait, isn't that a bad thing? On further observation: It's a very good thing.

Being fitted for veneers is a rather simple process, but one that calls for so many dental impressions that you begin to feel like a Jell-O mold. It also involves some filing away of the enamel so that your teeth are fairly aligned. If they're exceptionally crooked, your dentist might suggest that you first wear braces (like Invisalign, which are clear). Luckily, my teeth were only normally crooked. Unluckily, I needed gum surgery. My overabundant tissue would need to be lifted two millimeters by a periodontist so that my crowns appeared longer. If I were an Etruscan and this were the seventh century B.C., and by some actuarial miracle I were not yet dead, the neighborhood dentist would extract my bad teeth and replace them with someone else's good ones—perhaps an ox's or yours—and then secure those to my remaining teeth with gold bands. And it would hurt like hell because anesthesia was still centuries away from being discovered, though I'd likely be plied with alcohol and a whack upside the head. Eventually, in 1884, the numbing benefits of cocaine were discovered (parrty!). Eleven years later, Novocaine (brand name of procaine) was introduced (party over).

Chalk it up to drugs or to the adroitness of Brian Chadroff, D.D.S., my periodontist, but truly, I have had haircuts that hurt more than my two-hour gum surgery—and that have had less pleasing results. Ideally, the width of an incisor should be 75 percent of its length, according to Manhattan dentist Steven Butensky, D.D.S., so my teeth now looked like they'd qualify. In one afternoon, my mouth went from Nixon to Kennedy-esque, and no matter what your politics, this is a welcome transformation.

"Say goodbye to your old teeth," Lowenberg casually remarked before he

shaved off a layer of enamel. When someone wielding a high-speed drill says these words while your jaws are as wide open as those of a baby bird expecting a worm, you listen, and even though you will presumably be trading your old pearly whites (technically speaking, yellows) for a rootin'-tootin' better model, you start getting nostalgic for your crooked incisors and consider that in Japan women ask dentists to glue snaggletooth fangs on top of their canines because they think the look is cute, which makes you worry that you are being reckless to replace your real smile with a fabricated one. But then you calm yourself by remembering that the other day when you'd asked a wise friend whether getting veneers was like tearing down a beautiful historic building to put up a shoddy high-rise, he'd told you to think of the procedure as shorting up the infrastructure, and besides, he added, "*beautiful* is an exaggeration."

To talk about my temporary veneers rather than the real things would be like reviewing the trailer instead of the movie, so let's jump ahead and meet the ten permanent newcomers to my oral cavity. They are still so foreign I feel like they're on loan (and, as if I were wearing borrowed jewelry, I'm scared I'm going to scratch or ruin them). Six upper teeth and four lower, they are the color of a white shirt after a few washings, and they are aligned as straight as the anatomic models dentists use to demonstrate proper tooth brushing. They are now, by far, my best body part—and most expensive. At \$2,800 each, they amount to the price of a car, but at least I don't need a parking space. (Before you choke about the cost, please know that prices range from \$800 to \$3,000 a tooth, depending on your dentist and your ZIP Code).

I love my new teeth. They make me look as if I have very good genes, not to mention had an excellent childhood dentist. □

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144: Cashmere stole, \$1,075; Hermès stores. Sneakers, \$980; Céline, NYC. **145:** Shirt, \$40; Uniqlo stores. 18K white gold-and-diamond pendant (\$73,500) and lotus flower diamond-and-18K white gold pendant (\$81,000); Van Cleef & Arpels stores. **146:** Muffler, \$3,495. **147:** Top (\$5,900) and skirt (\$8,000). Sneakers, \$230; eytys.com. Muff, \$1,099; thefursourceofny.com. **148:** Coat, \$9,670. **149:** Leather-and-fur slippers, \$995; select Gucci stores. In this story: manicure, Megumi Yamamoto.

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156–157: On Sawyer: Todd Snyder + Champion shorts, \$98; toddsnyder.com. On Vilkeviciute: Tory Burch bikini top, \$95; Tory Burch stores. On Nick: Calvin Klein Underwear T-shirt, \$40 for three; calvinklein.com. On Sawyer and Nick: Converse sneakers, \$55; converse.com. On Izzie: Tory Sport sweater, \$225; torysport.com. Re/Done jeans, \$250; Barneys New York stores. On Pookie: Trademark trench (\$238),

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Last look 204: Heels; Balenciaga, NYC.

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Last Look

EDITOR: VIRGINIA SMITH

Balenciaga
heels,
\$1,485



The unique challenge Alexander Wang faces at Balenciaga is melding his own instinct for cool with the label's aristo-chic legacy—and if these thrilling hybrid pumps for fall are any indication, it's a task he's handling with aplomb. Blending ballroom baubles (the pearl-and-crystal brooches are detachable) with see-through vinyl—Wang calls the shoes "X-ray classics"—they summon Balenciaga's mid-century society dame's tastes, but with the sartorial bravery of a new-era night owl. After all, what's dash without a bit of daring? □



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